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COMEDY  
CALLED THE  
MISER.

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ACTED  
AT THE  
Theater Royal.

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Written by THOMAS SHADWELL.

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LONDON,

Printed for H. H. and T. C. and sold by Francis  
Saunders at the Anchor in the New-Exchange,  
and James Knapton at the Crown in St. Paul's  
Church-Yard. 1691.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

*Lord Chamberlain of HIS MAJESTIES Household.*

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*My Lord,*

THE Favour which your Lordship was pleased to shew to this Play, I value more than all the loud Applauses of a *Theater*: Nor can it be less esteemed by any Man that has had the Honour of knowing your Lordships Person, or the Pleasure of Reading the Diversions of your Pen. It seems by your obliging Kindness to the Poets, and your great Example in Writing, as if you were design'd by Heaven, among many other great uses, for the sustaining of declining Poetry. This consideration, with the boldness which your fre-

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

quent Favours have given me, pull the trouble of this Dedication upon you. You see, my Lord, the danger of encouraging any of us, who are too apt, without it to use the Names of great Men for the defence of our Weaknesses and Follies; Nay, some are so arrogant to believe their injurious Dedications competent Returns for all the Obligations they receive from the generosity of their Patrons. But I, my Lord, have been too much obliged by you to think of making any Return: All that I can do, is to beg Leave to make an humble Acknowledgment of all your Favours; and to take this Occasion to publish my self to the World,

My Lord,

*Your Lordships*

*Most Obliged*

*Humble Servant,*

THOMAS SHADWELL.

# R E A D E R.

**T**H E Foundation of this Play I took from one of *Molieres*'s call'd *L'Avare*; but that having too few Persons, and too little Action for an *English Theater*, I added to both so much, that I may call more than half of this Play my own; And I think I may say without vanity, that *Molieres*'s part of it has not suffer'd in my Hands, nor did I ever know a *French Comedy* made use of by the worst of our Poets, that was not better'd by 'em. 'Tis not barrenness of Wit or Invention, that makes us borrow from the *French*, but Laziness; and this was the occasion of my making use of *L'Avare*. This Play, as it was wrote in less than a Month, and was the last Play that was Acted at the Kings Theater in *Covent-Garden*, before the fatal Fire there; the great haste I made in Writing it, that made me very doubtful of the success of it, which was the reason that at first I did not own it, but conceal'd my Name. I have resolv'd to take my leave of long Prefaces, and will give you no farther trouble here, for fear you should find too much afterwards.

PRO-



# PROLOGUE.

[ *The Authors Name not being then known.* ]

**O**UR Poet never doubts the good success  
Of Farce that's in half *French*, half *English* dress :  
And this was made with little pains and wit,  
As any cobling Poet e're wrote yet,  
And therefore he's resolv'd not to submit.  
The Fortune of his Fellows he has seen,  
Who in dull Farce have so successfull been,  
That could he write true wit, he is in doubt  
Whether you would endure to sit it out.  
But though he has no wit, he has some shame,  
And stealing from the *French* conceals his name.  
*French* Plays, in which true wit's as rarely found  
As Mines of Silver are in *English* ground ;  
A foolish Marquis, or his knavish Man,  
Or some poor Pudden fool's the best they can.  
But stay, I've been too bold ; methinks I see  
The *English* Monsieurs rise in mutiny,  
Crying confound him, does he damn *French* Plays,  
The only *Pieces* that deserve the Bayes :  
*France* that on fashions does strict Laws impose,  
The Universal Monarchy for Cloaths,  
That rules our most important part, our dress,  
Should rule our wit, which is a thing much less.  
But *Messieurs* he says, farther to provoke ye,  
He would as soon be Author of *Tu Quoque*,  
As any Farce that e're from *France* was sent,  
And all consider'd 'tis a complement,  
And yet he hopes the advantages they gain,  
That he may please ye with small stock of brain :  
For our good natur'd Nation thinks it fit,  
To count *French* Toys, good Wares ; *French* nonsense, wit.

The

# The MISER.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Rant*, *Hazard*, and *Theodore*.

*Rant.* **W**Hat a Devil makes thee in so musty a Humour? Thou art as dull and dumpish as a Fellow that had been Drunk over night with Ale, and had done nothing but drunk Coffee, talked Politicks, and read Gazettes all this morning.

*Haz.* Hast lost thy Money, or thy Wench?

*Rant.* Nay faith *Hazard*, if he has lost his Money, I am sure he has lost his Wench, in spite of the noble vertue of constancy.

*Haz.* Come *Theodore*, a lucky Hand or two at the Groom Porters, will get thee as good a Mistress as any about the Town.

*Rant.* No pox on't they are kept so high by foolish elder Brothers, that poor younger Brothers must despair of 'em.

*Haz.* No *Rant*, thou art mistaken, the Elder Brothers are so kind to keep 'em for the younger, that can not do't for themselves, they are civil to thee one for Love, and the other for Money.

*Rant.* I am not of your Opinion; there was never so much ready Money, and so little Love stirring, as at this time.

*Haz.* Faith then we (that have but shallow Purfes) must chree or four clubs for one, she'll serve us all, considering how we drink. Come *Theodore*, be not melancholy, if thou hast lost thy Mistress, Ple club with thee for another.

*Theo.* So Gentlemen, this Dialogue runs off very smartly; you had rehearsed it before, but I find you have the effects of last nights Debauch upon you, and are hot Headed this morning, what else should make you think me melancholy?

*Rant.* Come faith, thou art.

*Theo.* I must confess Gentlemen I am not in so brisk a Humour as to leap over Joynt-stools, or come over a Stick for the King, or any of those pretty Frolicks; but I have no trouble, unless you will create me one.

*Haz.* I am so far from that, that I'll tell thee news that will rejoyce the Heart of thee, if thou wert as dumpish as a young Spark that is newly denied to be trusted for a white Periwig.

*Theo.* Præbee what's that?

*Rant.* That which I am sure you'll bite at.

*Haz.*

# THE MISER.

**Haz.** There is the most delicate, Charming Creature, come to lie over-against us in *Bow-street*? Oh 'tis a melting Girl, she looks as if she would dissolve like an Anchovy in Claret.

**Rant.** She would relish better (when a Man has the hot fit upon him) than small Beer in a Fever.

**Haz.** Than small Beer a pox on't, she would be more welcome to thee than a Reprieve would, if thou art just now trolling out *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* upon a Ladder.

**Theo.** You are mighty witty, and full of smiles; but who the Devil is this incomparable Lady?

**Rant.** Pox on't, thou art as testy as an old Lean Judge fasting, upon the Bench, between eleven and twelve.

**Haz.** I'll put him into a better Humour; with this young Lady, is Mrs. Cheatly, party per pale Match-maker, and Baud, got acquainted, and has promised to bring her to a Ball at the Bear at *Charing-Cross*, where you know there is a very convenient Couch.

**Rant.** Oh she's a delicate bit for him that can get her, she's fit for one of us honest Fellows to debauch, and for a dull rich Fellow (born to the drudgery of Plowing Land and getting Heirs) to Marry.

**Theo.** But (if you be not too much transported to tell me) Pray who is this young Lady?

**Haz.** Why, 'tis one *Isabella* that lies over-against our Lodging at the Blue Balcony.

**Theo.** 'Sdeath what said he?

**Rant.** How now, are you nettled? Gad! I'll lay my life this Rogue has been before-hand with us.

**Theo.** No faith Gentlemen, but this Lady I have seen, and know she has some qualities very unfit for your Company.

**Haz.** What are those Man?

**Theo.** Dam'd unfashionable qualities, call'd vertue, and modesty.

**Rant.** Pish, but if she be not too much season'd with Vertue in this warm age, she cannot keep long.

**Theo.** Indeed but she will, in spite of that Villanous Seducer *Cheatly*, whose Clutches scarce any young Lady can scape.

**Rant.** Prethee speak not against thy Mother-in-Law, thou hadst the debauching of her Daughter *Lettice*.

**Theo.** I the debauching of her; she was debauch'd from her Mothers Womb, she has it *ex Traduce*.

**Haz.** I'll hold thee Ten pound *Cheatly* brings this Lady to Supper, for all her Vertue and Modesty.

**Theo.** 'Sdeath Sir, I know she cannot, shall not do't.

**Rant.** On my Conscience he's in downright abominable love with this Lady.

**Theo.** Well, because you are a couple of good honest Fellows, that is, as far as those that use *Cater-dence-axes*, and smooth Boxes, and Cheat at Dice, can be.

**Haz.** Cheat? we do play a little upon advantage I confess, (as many People of Quality and most Gentlemen that are Gamblers do.)

*Theo.*



*Theo.* Indeed false Boxes, and Dice are an advantage, but to let that pass: I will prevent your Errour, with this *Isabella* I am unreasonably and desperately in Love,

*Rant.* But 'tis in an Honourable way, I hope, not at all inclining to Wedlock.

*Theo.* Yes faith, I am in Love, even to Matrimony.

*Haz.* Pox on thee for an unseasonable Fellow, to think of Matrimony in this age, when an honest Woman is almost ashamed to shew her Face, she finds triumphant Punk so much preferred before her.

*Rant.* If we, honest Fellows of the Town, go on as we begin, honest Women will come to be Ston'd in the Streets.

*Haz.* What, thou art turn'd a publick spirited Fellow, I warrant, and wisely considerest, that People are wanting in *England*, and that more frequent Marriage would be a means of Propagation.

*Rant.* And I believe thou hast subtilly found out that Whoring, and Monasteries, are as great causes of their wanting people in *Spain*, as their *West-Indian* Colonies.

*Theo.* None of these Politick Considerations I assure you; and yet ever since I saw *Isabella*, I care less for a Whore, than you do for an honest Woman: Yet you shall find I am not wholly unfit for your Company, I have not given over all Sins at once, for if you'll go before and bespeak Dinner at *Shutlins* you shall see how I'll sowce you in *Burgundy*.

*Haz.* Well, wee'll go and hope, by the help of *Burgundy*, to recover your Senses again.

*Theo.* Have a care of loosing your own.

*Rant.* That we may have no advantage over you, wee'll each of us drink 2 or 3 Beer glasses, before you come.

*Haz.* Adieu.

[*Exeunt. Haz, Rant.*]

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Theo.* How now *Bellamour*, where's my Father.

*Bell.* Sir, he's busie upon a question in Arithmetick, to see how much 15 l. comes to in seven years, with use upon use.

*Theo.* What Use, his fifty in the hundred, that he takes of Herb-women and Oyster-women? For which they Pawn their dear Rings, and Wedding Petticoats.

*Bell.* Sir, he's willing to make the most of his Money.

*Theo.* Has he taken account what Dripping has been sold this week to the Kitchen-stuff Women? Has he weighed the ends of Candle, and Suet, to change for Candles of 20 in the pound?

*Bell.* All this Sir, and he has been higling with a Fellow, above half an hour this morning, about 5 Coney-Skins he sold him; nay, good Man, he's very careful, and all for you.

*Theo.* For me, 'sdeath I expect he should live fifty years longer, unless the Parliament would bring down Money to Four in the Hundred; and faith I thought the report of that last Sessions, would have done an honest *Filius ante Diem* some kindness, but a pox on't he's recover'd, but no more of him, prethee fend in my Man to me.

*Bell.* I will Sir. *Robin.* [Exit *Theodore.*]  
[Enter *Robin.*]

*Robin.* What say you Sir?

*Bell.* Go in to your Master [Ex. *Robin*] [Enter *Theodora.*] Here comes the Mistress of my Heart, my dearest *Theodora*, I see you now this morning, with as much Joy, as the *Persians* do the Rising *Sun*, that gives e'm all their Com ort.

*Theo.* For all your Complements *Bellamour*, I find little prospect of comfort for either of us.

*Bell.* My dearest *Theodora*, I have observed much dejection in your Countenance, ever since the obliging assurances you have given me of your faith; do you repent of that engagement? then I am miserable.

*Theo.* No *Bellamour*, I cannot repent of any thing I do for you; you have too great a power over me, to suffer such resentments in my mind.

*Bell.* What then can be the reason, that in the midst of all my Joys, I see you grieve.

*Theo.* The thousand difficulties we are to undergo.

*Bell.* Ah Madam, do but Love enough, and there are none.

*Theo.* There is an impossibility of getting my Fathers consent, though it would be so much to my advantage: His covetous Shagrin Humour makes him hate a Gentleman.

*Bell.* I have gained so much upon him, that I do not despair of it; But since I have your consent, I have too much happiness for one Man.

*Theo.* I must confess, my *Bellamour*, I could justify my Love to you to all the world, but to my Father; I have to defend me your Person, and your Merit: I can never repay the obligations I have received from you, that after seven years Travel, you can be content to stay from your Country, your Friends, and Kindred, and conceal your self from all the World but me: But above all, to put your self for my sake, in so base a condition, as to serve my Father, which is worse than Rowing in Gallies; this Testimony of your Love can never be forgotten.

*Bell.* Ah Madam! one kind look from you will overweigh a thousand such small Services: I must confess, serving your Father is the severest Task I have, to minister to his wretched Avarice, and endure the curses of all whom his extortion grieves. Pardon me, dear *Theodora*, that I take this liberty before you: This is a Subject, you know I can speak little good of.

*Theo.* I am too sensible of it, but I am extremely glad to see you gain so much upon him by your Artifices.

*Bell.* You see Madam, Love is able to turn a Man into all Shapes, nay into the worst, a Flatterer, to a Covetous Man: But by the sordid applauding of what he does, and observing all his Rules and Maxims, I have gained this point; That he will hear or believe no Man so soon as me.

*Theo.* But why do you not discover this to my Brother, and procure his assistance in it?

*Bell.* Your Father's and Brother's tempers are so opposite, that it is impossible to accommodate my self to both of 'em, but do you please to manage our interests  
with.

# THE MISER.

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with your Brother, he Loves you extreamly, and will hear you ; I hear him coming, I'll away.

[ Ex. Bellamour. ]

[ Enter Theodore and Robin. ]

*Thea.* Robin go stay within till I call you.

*Robin.* I will Sir.

[ Exit Robin. ]

*Theodore.* Dear *Theodora* I am glad you are here, I have a secret of the greatest concernment in the World to me, to discover to you.

*Theodora.* I shall be glad to hear't, and ( if I can ) to serve you in it ; what have you to say ?

*Theodore.* A thousand things, in one little word, Love.

*Theodora.* How Brother are you in Love, I'll tell you—

*Theodore.* Hold Sister, I know as well as you that I depend [ *Scommatically* ] upon a Father, and that the name of Son, carries an inviolable Duty along with it.

*Theodora.* But Brother ———

*Theodore.* And that I ought not to engage my heart without the consent of him who gave me breath.

*Theodora.* Do you hear——

*Theodore.* And that Heaven has made our Parents disposers of our wills, and that they are in a condition to see more and be less deceived than we.

*Theodora.* Hold a little.

*Theodore.* And that we ought to trust the Eyes of their Wisdom before the blindness of our own Passion.

*Theodora.* Are you mad ——

*Theodore.* And that the heat of our youth misleads, and betrays us often to dangerous precipices.

*Theodora.* Not one of these wise things would I have said to you, but tell me, are you engaged to her you Love ?

*Theodore.* No, but resolv'd, in spite of all opposition, and I conjure you, give me no reasons.

*Theodora.* Why do you believe I will ?

*Theodore.* You are no Lover, and faith I am damnably afraid of your Wisdom.

*Theodora.* You know not my condition Brother ; but pray who is it that has Charm'd you thus ?

*Theodore.* A young Lady that lies near this place, of so excellent a Beauty, so delicate a Creature, I cannot think of her without an extasie.

*Theodora.* Pray save your Oratory, and in short, tell me who she is.

*Theodore.* Her name is *Isabella* ; but that which is my extreamest trouble, I have discover'd under hand, that she is the Daughter of a sickly Widdow, and of a small Fortune : You know the abominable humour of my Father ( whose damn'd covetousness, if I had not now and then a lucky hand at Play, would make me forget all use of Money ) so that I have scarce any possibility of giving this Lady the least proof of my affection ; and if I find not some means to do it, I am lost.

*Theodora.* It is an inhumane thing of him to put us both to our Shifts thus, to get but ordinary Cloaths.



*Theodore.* Prethee Sister, let's join in our Complaints to him; and if he opposes us, we will quit our selves of his insupportable Tyranny, and seek our Fortunes together.

*Theodora.* I hear him coming, he's enraged at something, pray let us retire and consult what to say to him, here he comes, step in.

*Theodore.* Come on.

[ *Exeunt Theodore and Theodora.* ]

[ *Enter Goldingham and Robin.* ]

*Gold.* Out of my House you Dog, begon, make no replies, you Rascal, that are a Sworn Thief; the Gallows groans for you.

*Robin.* Well, there was never any thing so wicked as this [ *Aside* ] damn'd old Fellow, and I think, under correction, the Devil's in him.

*Gold.* What's that you mutter between your Teeth Sirrah?

*Robin.* Why do you hunt me up and down thus?

*Gold.* Out you Hang-Dog, must you ask questions? Out of my Doors, or I'll knock you down.

*Robin.* A pox on this damn'd flea-flint, [ *Aside* ] Why what have I done to you?

*Gold.* Dispute no more, begon.

*Robin.* My Master gave me order to stay here for him.

*Gold.* Get you gone and wait in the Street, you Rascal, must you stand here like a Sentinel, and (with your damn'd watchful Eyes) be a Spy upon my actions, to devour what I have, and to ferret up and down to see what there is to Steal.

*Robin.* What a Devil do you think I should steal, unless I should steal you?

[ *Aside* ] Besides, He's as watchful as an Owl, a Man that had killed seven Men, Pissing against a Wall, would rest more quietly.

*Gold.* You Dog must I be daily in danger to be Rob'd by you?

*Robin.* You are not a Man to be Rob'd, all you have is under Lock and Key; besides you profess your self to be in great want.

*Gold.* [ *Aside* ] Oh how I tremble! Lest this Rogue should suspect I have Money hidden in my Garden: If he does I am ruin'd. Though I have but little Sirrah, I should be loath to loose it by such Rascals as you are. Besides what's Lock't up, is not there a Tin Candlestick, a pair of Brass Snuffers, a Nutmeg-Grater, Bellows, and a Darnock Carpet.

*Robin.* I scorn 'em all.

*Gold.* Come Sirrah, you are one of the Rogues that reported that I have Money hid.

*Robin.* How, have you Money hid say you?

*Gold.* No no you Dog, I don't say so, I have no Money hid you Villain you.

[ *Aside* ] 'Sdeath he distracts me.

*Robin.* Why what is't to me whether you have or have not.

*Gold.* What are you arguing? I'll beat your foolish reasons out of your Head, once more, begon.

*Robin.* Well, I go.

*Gold.* Stay, have you taken nothing with you?

*Robin.* You had best search me.

*Gold.*

Gold. Shew me your hands.

Robin. There.

Gold. The other—— Both together—— Stay have you put nothing here? [*He feels in his Coat Pockets.*]

Robin. What a Devil should I put there?

Gold. Let me see here.

[*All this while Groping Robin.*]

Robin. Such a Man as you deserves to be Rob'd.

Gold. What say you?

Robin. I say I think you'll grope me all over.

Gold. So I will Sirrah.

Robin. A Plague on all covetousness, and covetous Men.

Gold. What's that?

Robin. I say, a Plague upon all covetousness, and covetous Men.

Gold. Of whom do you speak Sirrah?

Robin. Of covetous Men.

Gold. What are those covetous Men?

Robin. Rogues, Villains, Dogs, Caterpillers, Horse-Leeches, Vipers, Thieves, Robbers, Sons of Whores.

Gold. How now you Rascal.

Robin. Why do you trouble your self Sir, you are none of those; may not I curse covetous Rogues?

Gold. Sirrah, to whom did you speak thus? tell me.

Robin. I spoke it—I spoke it—to that Rogue *Dives* in the Picture there.

Gold. And I speak to your fools Head there, Sirrah take that, do you feel me Rogue?

Robin. Ay, pox on you, against my will.

[*Aside.*]

Gold. Again Sirrah, out of my doors, I say, you insolent Villain.

Robin. A curse on him, he has broken my Bones.

[*Ex. Robin.*]

Gold. Oh the pains, the jealousies, and fears a Man must suffer that has great Sums of Money to guard: I cannot find one place safe enough about the House; Coffers and Trunks Thieves can never scape. Let me see this particular. *Imprimis*, a Thousand Pound, for which I have Pawns worth two, at above fifty per Cent. *Item* in the City Five thousand Pound, for which I have ten per Cent. and the best Security in England.

[*Enter Theodore and Theodora.*]

*Item*, in Mortgages of Land from young Gay Sparks 6000 *l.* Oh but that dear Sum of Six thousand Broad-pieces in my Garden, that transports me. [*He sees his Son and Daughter.*] 'Sdeath that I should read this Note loud, I have betrayed my self, they have over-heard me, and I am ruin'd; would they were both hang'd: Well, what's the matter with you, have you been long there?

Theo. No Sir, but now come.

Gold. What do ye stand listening?

Theo. Not we, I assure ye.

Gold. Come come ye did: if they over-heard me, I shall hang my self——

Theodora. Not we, I assure you Sir.

Gold. I was saying to my self, how happy should I be if I had but Six thousand Pound in the World.

*Theo.*

*Theo.* You need not wish that.

*Gold.* 'Tis false, 'tis false, Oh would to Heaven I had ! Oh how happy should I be, I should never complain then, that the times are hard, not I.

*Theodora.* This is all but Raillery Sir.

*Theodore.* You have more than five times as much.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath, what says he ? O thou Villain, thou Viper thou, have I bred thee up to destroy me ? Are my Children become my greatest Enemies ?

*Theo.* Are those your enemies that say you are rich ?

*Gold.* Oh it is the vilest injury you can do me, such discourses as these will make my Throat be cut, Thieves will believe I am all made up of Gold ; your extravagant expences too, will make 'em think so.

*Theo.* I know none I am guilty of, unless keeping my self clean be so.

*Gold.* Oh your Perriwigs, your Ribbands, your Laces, you are as much a Spark as any of those that go fine, keep Whores, and pay no Debts about the Town ; and if the truth were known, you, and your Sister, here, must Rob me to do it.

*Theo.* He will have good luck that Robs you :

[*Aside.*]

You know my Sister ventures some Money at Sea, (that was left her by an Aunt) and (for me) I am sometimes lucky at Play, and I eat and drink, and keep my self handsomly drest with it.

*Gold.* Handsomly, foolishly ; to what end are these multitudes of Ribbands ; this Flaxen Mop of Whores Hair, and this *Flanders* Lace upon the Shirt ; I warrant this Habit cost Thirty Pound : Now if you do win Money, put it to other uses, (you foolish young Knave) 30 *l.* comes to 36 *s.* a year, according to Statutable use ; but thou mightest make 20 *l.* a year on't if thou hadst any Brains, and (with such use upon use) what would 30 *l.* come to in seven years !

*Theodora.* But Sir, my Brother and I came to talk with you of other business.

*Gold.* Well, and I have something to say to you, of other business.

*Theo.* 'Tis concerning Marriage, Sir.

*Gold.* And I intended to speak to you, concerning Marriage.

*Theodora.* Ah Father !

*Gold.* Ah Father ! what's that for ? what ? what ? you would be at it already would you ? soft and fair young Gentlewoman.

*Theo.* No Sir, my Sister is afraid that your opinion of Marriage will not agree with ours.

*Gold.* Fear not, you shall have no cause of complaint, I shall do well for you both ; and (first of all) have you *Theodore*, seen one *Isabella*, that lies near this place ?

*Theo.* O yes Sir, several times, in her Balcony.

*Gold.* And you ?

*Theodora.* I have heard of her, Sir.

*Gold.* Well Son, and how do you find that Lady ?

*Theo.* She's admirably handsom, I have never seen her equal.

*Gold.* Her Face, ha ?

*Theo.* Beyond what e're a Lover fancied of his Mistress.

*Gold.* Her shape, is it not well ?

*Theo.* Not only faultless, but excellent to a miracle.

*Theo.*



*Gold.* Her meen, ha——

*Theo.* Graceful, and admirable.

*Gold.* Her ayer, and her manner——

*Theo.* The most charming in the World; her ayer so full of modesty and wit, her carriage so alluring and gentle, I have never seen the like.

*Gold.* Oh ho, would not this Lady make a pleasant Bed-fellow?

*Theo.* It were a happiness beyond all expression, such as 'twere not safe to think on't.

*Gold.* But there is one point to be consider'd, her Portion:

*Theo.* Oh Sir, that (with so fine a Lady) is not considerable, not to be mentioned.

*Theodora.* Besides Sir, I have heard she has a tolerable Fortune.

*Theo.* Never think of that.

*Gold.* Well, I am glad we agree so well in our opinions of this Lady; for (by these charming qualities) she has so won upon me, that I am resolved forthwith to Marry her.

*Theo.* Oh Heaven!

*Gold.* What say you?

[Hastily]

*Theo.* Are you resolved say you——

*Gold.* Yes, to marry *Isabella*.

*Theo.* Who you? you?

*Gold.* Yes I, I I, why, what do you make of me, young Cox-comb?

*Theo.* 'Sdeath this has struck me to the Heart.

[Ex. Theo.]

*Gold.* Who cares, go get some Aqua-Vitæ, I hope this young Prodigal Ass will hang himself at the news of a young Mother-in-Law—— This Daughter, is that which I resolve for my self: now for him, I have provided a grave Matron of about 50, with a great deal of Money; and you, I intend to Marry to *Timothy Squeeze*, the rich Scriveners Son, a very thrifty young Man.

*Theodora.* Heaven, what do I hear!

*Gold.* He's a very pretty young Man, and knows how to make 60 per Cent, of his Money.

*Theodora.* Sir, if you please, I will not Marry.

*Gold.* Madam, if you please, you shall Marry.

*Theodora.* Pray pardon me Sir.

*Gold.* Pray pardon me Madam.

*Theodora.* You may command me in any thing, but this.

*Gold.* I will command you in this, and to night too.

*Theodora.* To night, that shall not be.

*Gold.* That shall be.

*Theodora.* No Sir.

*Gold.* Yes Sir.

*Theodora.* I'll kill my self, before I Marry him.

*Gold.* You shall not kill your self, and you shall Marry him; but did ever Father endure such insolence from a Daughter?

*Theodora.* Was ever Daughter so severely used by a Father?

*Gold.* All the World will allow of my choice.

*Theo.*

*Theodora.* No Man of sense will.

[Enter *Bellamour.*]

*Gold.* Here comes *Bellamour*, will you be judg'd by him.

*Theodora.* With all my heart.

This is lucky enough.

[*Aside.*]

*Gold.* Look you *Bellamour*, my Daughter disputes with me, which do you think has reason, she or I?

*Bell.* Oh Sir, you without question.

*Gold.* Do you know what we were talking of?

*Bell.* No Sir, but you cannot be in the wrong.

*Gold.* Look you, you are to be Judge, I would Marry her to *Timothy Squeez*, the rich Scriveners Son this night; and the Baggage despises him.

*Bell.* And am I to be Judge?

*Gold.* Ay of this.

*Bell.* Oh Heaven!

*Gold.* What say you?

*Bell.* I am of your opinion Sir, in the main, but your Daughter is not wholly in the wrong.

*Gold.* Why, why is Mr. *Timothy's* Person, or Fortune, to be rejected? where can she have a better?

*Bell.* That's true Sir, but she may say, 'tis too rash to resolve to do it so suddenly; and that she ought to have some time to accommodate her inclinations to him.

*Gold.* Time, come I must take occasion by the fore-lock; his Father (that is very rich, but of mean Extraction) will (for the sake of good Alliance) let his Son Marry her without a Portion.

*Bell.* Nay then, I must say no more, that is a convincing reason, she must submit to that.

*Theodora.* What means *Bellamour*?

[*Aside.*]

*Gold.* I know not what 'tis to her, I am sure 'tis the most considerable reason in the World to me.

*Bell.* Without doubt Sir, no Man can contradict that, but your Daughter may answer you, that Marriage is the most solemn thing in the World, and that which must make her always either happy, or miserable.

*Gold.* Without Portion! mark that——

*Bell.* You have reason Sir, that decides all. But Sir, People will tell you, that the inclination of your Daughter, ought to be a little regarded; and that forcing affections has often ruined the best of Families.

*Gold.* What without Portion?

*Bell.* Nay, there can be no reply to that; 'tis true, there are a great many Fathers that prize the satisfaction of their Daughters, and would never Sacrifice them to interest, but would consult their affections.

*Gold.* But again I say, without Portion.

*Bell.* 'Tis true, without Portion is an answer to every thing; and who can resist such reason as yours.

*Gold.* [To himself] O heaven. I hear the Dog bark, I am so afraid of this Money,

ney, I must into the Garden : stay here.

[Ex. Goldingham.]

*Theodora.* *Bellamour* you are in the wrong, to talk thus with him.

*Bell.* If I should oppose him Madam, I should ruine our design, and you will do better to feign a consent to what he commands.

*Theodora.* But for this sudden Marriage, to night.

*Bell.* We'l find means to break it, and make him consent to it.

*Theodora.* What can you invent ?

*Bell.* Feign some sickness, and desire him to delay it for that.

*Theodora.* Physicians will find out that deceit.

*Bell.* Madam, he would scarce be at the charge of one to save his own life, much less yours.

*Theodora.* But he has Kindred, that will give him their advice for nothing.

*Bell.* Madam do you believe in Doctors ? Do you think they know more than Nursekeepers ? I warrant you Madam, counterfeit what Distemper you please, they'l find reasons enough to tell you from whence it comes.

[Enter Goldingham]

*Gold.* Heaven be praised, all's well, there was no body.

*Bell.* Besides Madam, our last recourse shall be to discover our selves, and our affections, and if you can be constant, as I doubt not — [Goldingham is seen by them.] Madam (as I was saying) a Daughter ought not to dispute her Fathers will, or once think whether she likes the Man or no, whom he chuses for her ; especially where that invincible reason, of without Portion, offers its self.

[Theodora flings from him hastily, and goes out.]

*Gold.* Well said *Bellamour*.

*Bell.* Sir, I ask you pardon, that I make so bold with your Daughter.

*Gold.* I am orejoy'd at it, you have done exceeding well.

*Bell.* Sir, I will never fail to urge her with arguments, and especially, that undeniable one, of *without Portion*.

*Gold.* 'Tis very well.

*Bell.* Oh Sir, there's nothing (in this World) so precious as Money, not Honour, Birth, Education, Wit, Courage, Vertue, Wisdom, Religion, Loyalty —

*Gold.* Oh there spoke an Oracle ! dear *Bellamour*, I could hug thee for this, thou shalt follow, and advise her. But first, give me some little account of this days business ; Has *Sarah* the Orange-Wench redeem'd her Thumb Ring, that I lent her Ten Shillings upon last week ?

*Bell.* No Sir.

*Gold.* 'Tis forfeited then, it weighs two and twenty. Has the Fellow that cries old Cloaths, redeem'd the new Velvet Coat, (which I believe he stole) or the Oyster-Woman her Red Petticoat with Silver Lace on't ? Or has the *Cobler* redeem'd his Pewter that he Pawn'd for Money to buy Soles ? Or has the Country Gentlewoman (that lost her Money at Play) taken out her Watch, for which she is feign to make excuses to her Husband, and say 'tis a mending ?

*Bell.* None of these.

*Gold.* Has the *Whetstone* Whore redeem'd her Mantoplice, and her Silk-dy'd Petticoat, with Gold and Silver Lace ?

*Bell.* No poor soul, she has had ill trading of late.

C

*Gold.*



*Gold.* There is a Bauds Silver Aqua-Vita Bottle, a Midwife's hackny Sattin Mantle, with old fashion'd Gold Lace; a Herald Painter's Hearse-Cloth, and Velvet Pall; besides (let me see) an Attoney's Clerk Pawn'd a Bever of his Masters in the Country; there is too, a Porters and a Watermans Silver Badge, the Fidler's Violin, the Hackny Trumpeter's Brals Trumpet, the Barber's in-laid Razor Case, with Silver Heads to his Instruments, are any of these redeem'd to day?

*Bell.* None of 'em Sir.

*Gold.* They are forfeited, to Hell with them, *ab inferis nulla redemptio*, this has been a happy week *Bellamour*: two young Sparks have forfeited Mortgages this week: they are the sweetest People to deal with, they seldom fail of forfeiting them, and I never fail to take 'em, but prethee go to my Daughter, and advise her.

*Bell.* I will Sir,

Better then you think.

*Gold.* How happy am I in this Servant! well, (if this Trade holds) I shall tumble in Money; and next to that. [*Aside.*]

*The greatest pleasure I can have of life,  
Is in cold age, to have a warm young Wife.*

## ACT II. SCENE II.

Enter Squeeze, Timothy, Roger.

*Sque.* IS Mr. Goldingham at home?

*Roger.* He is in the Garden, (where he always is) I'll tell him you are here. [*Ex Roger.*]

*Sque.* Come Timothy, Cheer up, has't not thou forgot to put on thy little Cuffs, to comb thy Head, and get thy Hair powder'd.

*Tim.* No no, I have my best Cloaths on too, just as I used to go to Church; but de' hear Sir, I shall be asham'd when *Theodora* comes, de' see, for (on my conscience and soul) I shall never learn how to Sultour a Woman.

*Sque.* Take my directions, and I warrant thee.

*Tim.* How did you go to work to Suiter my Mother?

*Sque.* Why, I'll tell thee, when I was a young Man, (Oh the happy days we lived in then) I could woo a young Gentlewoman, with as much dexterity, as the Sprucest Gallant on 'em all.

*Tim.* I long to hear, before Mrs. *Theodora* comes.

*Sque.* Why look you, suppose thou wert thy Mother, stand there, (and I'll tell you she was as fine a young Lass, as any Aldermans Daughter, (though she was but a Button-makers Daughter) and as well bred too; I am sure it cost her  
Father

Father Ten Shillings a month for her learning to Dance, and she play'd most violently upon the Cittern too. But stand still, thus I begun. [*He Salutes, and Kisses Timothy.*] Then forsooth your Servant, said I, won't you please to sit down? here's a Chair, and please you. [*He sets a Chair for Timothy, and sits down by him.*]

*Tim.* I vow this is very well, de' conceive me?

*Sque.* Then thus I went on; pray give me leave to kiss your Hand. [*He Kisses Timothy's Hand.*]

*Tim.* O Lord Sir!

*Sque.* I protest and vow, I have a very great affection for you; the very thoughts of you, has often broke my sleep; and made me fetch many a sigh.

*Tim.* Ha, ha, ha, very well I vow.

*Sque.* For you are very handsome (as I am an honest Man,) and I cannot but love you, and I were to be hang'd for't.

*Tim.* 'Tis your goodness more than my desert.

*Sque.* Good lack, to see the luck on't, she made that very answer, I protest.

*Tim.* Oh Gimini, why did she?

*Sque.* Yes; but to go on, said I, I am come to see if you can love such a one as I am, (and I was then as pretty a young Fellow as any in the City) and if you can, said I, I shall be very well content to make you my Wife.

*Tim.* Ay but Mrs. *Theodora*, they say, is most pestilent Coy.

*Sque.* 'Tis no matter, be thou bold, and she'll not deny thee.

*Tim.* Ay and I will now you bid me, though I venture my life for't, de' understand me?

*Sque.* Do, stand up to her Man, and kiss her, she'll not deny thee, for thou art a very pretty Fellow, though I say't; stand up, let me see, turn thee about, well made too, well thou takest just like me, I was just such another when I was young.

[*Enter Goldingham and Bellamour.*]

*Gold.* Mr. Squeeze you are welcome.

*Sque.* Thank you good Sir.

*Gold.* And you Mr. *Timothy*.

*Tim.* Thank you good Sir, (as my Father said before me.)

*Sque.* This is the young Man I bring to your Daughter.

*Tim.* Ay Sir, I make bold to come a woing to Mrs. *Theodora*, de' conceive me, if your worship please.

*Gold.* With all my heart.

*Bell.* An excellent Choice, an accomplish'd Rival have I: I should sooner be jealous of a Ballad-singer, or a Pickpocket. [*Aside.*]

*Gold.* *Bellamour*, go call my Daughter.

*Bell.* I will Sir, A curse on him, must she be baited by this Bandog. [*Ex. Bell.*]

*Gold.* While the young People are together, we'll drink a Cup; I would send for a Pint of White Wine; or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues so, and put Horse-flesh, dead Dogs, Mens Bones, Molossus, Lime, Brimstone, Stum, Allom, Sloes, and Arsuick into their Wine — but I'll send for a Cup of wholesome Ale for you.

[*Enter*

[Enter Bellamour and Theodora.]

Sque. With all my heart.

Bell. There's the sweet youth, he has provided for you.

Tim. Now Father stand by me.

Gold. This Daughter, is the pretty young Man I told you of.

Theodora. He looks more like a Corn-Cutter than a Lover.

[Aside.]

Sque. Your Servant young Gentlewoman.

[He Salutes her.]

Tim. Your Servant forsooth, I make bold to Salute you, de' see: I vow 'tis the sweetest Kifs that ever I had in all my life; you kifs very well Mrs. Theodora, pray let me have another.

Theodora. Hold Sir, not too fast.

Tim. Why look you Father, did I not tell you how 'twould be?

Sque. You were a little too forward Son.

Gold. Come let's leave the young People, they'l do best together.

Sque. Ay I warrant you, they had rather be alone.

Gold. D'y' hear Theodora; be civil to him Bellamour!

[Ex. Goldingham, Squeeze, and Bellamour.]

Tim. So now we are alone Mrs. Thea, I call you Thea for shortness, de' see?

Will you please to sit down?

I'll try now if I can out-do my Father.

[Aside.]

Theodora. To wait upon you I will Sir.

What a ridiculous Lover have I?

[Aside.]

Tim. Come Mrs. Thea, I profess my Legs are very weary, I have been all this morning dunning for Money, at this end of the Town; and I promise you I mind my business as well as e're a young Man in this City that wears a Head, but (a deustake 'em) they do fob me off with Protections hereabouts.

Theodora. They do ill, to disappoint so fine a Person.

Tim. Ah forsooth, you are pleased to say so, but come (now I think on't) pray where's your Maid?

Theodora. Why do you ask?

Tim. If you please to send her to some Tavern, where you have Credit, I'd make bold to send for a Pint of Sack for you, (there I out-do my Father a whole half Pint.)

Theodora. Oh admirable breeding.

[Aside.]

By no means I don't love it, I assure you.

Tim. Then I'll send for a Bottle of White Wine; I have Sugar in my Pocket, the Rogues at Taverns make us pay Three pence a Paper for it.

Theodora. A thrifty consideration, but I drink no Wine.

Tim. Nay peuh Mrs. Thea, you say this now to save me Charges, de' see; but alas I care no more for Money than I do for the dirt under my foot, d' you understand me? If I had you at the Popes-Head, I'd give you half a peck of Oysters, I have as good Credit there as e're an Alderman's Son of 'em all, no dispraise; but faith I will send for White wine now, you shall not say me nay.

Theodora. Oh intollerable! I will have none sent for.

[Enter James]

James. Sir, your Father bids me tell you he is sent for to Chasolins, to some young Blades, whom he is to take up Money for.

Tim.



**Tim.** 'Tis very well. Come Mrs. *Thea*. pray be not angry, but let us to our business.

**Theodora.** Have you any with me?

**Tim.** Yes that I have, and very earnest business too, I'll tell you that.

**Theodora.** What is it?

**Tim.** Look you Mrs. *Thea*, *panca verba*, the short and the long on't is, I have had a very great affection for you, any time these two months, ever since I saw you at *Covent-Garden Church*, de' conceive me?

**Theodora.** Oh wonderful!

**Tim.** As I am an honest Man, you have stuck as close to my Heart (all the time) as a Bur (de' understand me) nay I have scarce slept a quiet night, all that time, for dreaming on you.

**Theodora.** 'Tis impossible.

**Tim.** Nay feck now 'tis true, whereupon my Father seeing me in this condition, advised me to come to you for cure, de' hear me?

**Theodora.** Oh Sir, doubt not but you may command me.

**Tim.** No forsooth pardon me, I shall intreat you.

**Theodora.** To do what?

**Tim.** Feck only to love me a little, that's all.

**Theodora.** No more but that! how can I chuse?

**Tim.** Ay but will you have me for a Husband, de' see? that's the business I come about: if you will, I shall for my part, be very glad to make you my Bed-Fellow, as the saying is.

**Theodora.** Oh Sir, you deserve one of a greater Beauty and Fortune than I am.

**Tim.** Pshaw what's matter for that, 'tis all one as long as my Father bid me ask you Mrs. *Thea*, de' conceive me?

**Theodora.** Sure this Holiday Fool, ha's never been bred to any thing but throwing at Cocks, or demolishing evil Houses on *Shrove-Tuesday*; or may be, he has rid on a Pageant for a *Neptune*, or a Sea-God, or perhaps waited at my Lord Mayor's Table upon a Feast-day. [Aside.]

**Tim.** What say you to the proposition, ha?

[Enter Robin.]

**Robin.** Did you see your Brother Madam?

**Theodora.** He's gone out.

**Tim.** A deus take this Fellow for interrupting us.

**Gold.** } **Theodora.**  
**Within.** }

**Theodora.** Heark, I am call'd, farewell.

[Ex. Theodora.]

**Tim.** Nay and I leave you, the King shall know it.

[Ex. Tim.]

[Enter at the other Door Mrs. Cheatly.]

**Cheat.** Oh dear Robin, art thou here?

**Robin.** Mrs. *Cheatly*, what makes you here for Heavens sake?

**Cheat.** That which makes me go every where; I love to be serviceable to the Nation, in my faculty, I bring People together, and make work for the Parsons, and the Midwives. But where's Mr. *Goldingham*.

**Robin.** What business can you have with him? of all mankind.

*Cheat.*

*Cheat.* That which I hope to get by ; you know I have no Rents, Industry, and Intrigue must maintain me ; but thou art sure not to lose by it, my dear *Robin*.

*Robin.* And you not to get by it here, I assure you.

*Cheat.* You don't know, there are some things within my power, that may touch very nearly.

*Robin.* Why thou may'st sooner hope to get by thy Trade in a Town three years besieged, and almost famished.

*Cheat.* I warrant you, I have a way of tickling of 'em as they do Trouts out of their senses, but I must work upon him by degrees.

*Robin.* Why he would not give a Shilling to save thy soul, nor eighteen pence for his own ; I have heard him wish that that word Give, were blotted out of the *English* Tongue : you'll put him into Fits, if you but propound it to him. 'Slife here he comes, I must be gone I am sure.

[*Ex. Robin.*]

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

*Cheatly.* Ah dear Sir, how briskly you look to day, good lack ! If I had not been in your House, I protest I should not have known you.

*Gold.* I look well, alas, alas !

*Cheat.* I never saw any Creature so chang'd in my life, sure you drink nothing but Viper Wine.

*Gold.* Nay you wheadle.

*Cheat.* Upon my life, you amaze me, you look so delicately, so fresh, and gay.

*Gold.* Nay but do I ? hah.

*Cheat.* Sir, you were never so young in your life, I have seen Men of five and twenty in white Periwigs, have less youth about them.

*Gold.* But (for all that) I am above Six and fifty.

*Cheat.* Six and fifty ! alas that's nothing, that's the season of a perfect Man, you are now in the flower of your Age — it was the time when the *Patriarchs* you know began to get Children.

*Gold.* That's true, but if I were Twenty years younger, 'twould do me no hurt.

*Cheat.* You jest Sir, you need no youth, I'll lay my life you will live till you are a Hundred years old.

*Gold.* No no, but do you think so really ?

*Cheat.* Most certainly Sir, you have all the marks of long life ; let me see, hold a little : Oh what a sign of life there is upon your Forehead ! I am sure you'll have four Wives more.

*Gold.* ——— I care not how many Wives I have, I love to bury Wives much.

[*Aside.*]

But have you such skill in these things ?

*Cheat.* Ay as much as e're an Almanack-maker, or Cunning-man of 'em all ; let me see your Hand, Heaven ! what a Line of Life is here.

*Gold.* How, let me see.

[*He puts on his Spectacles.*]

*Cheat.* Do you not see how far that Line goes ?

*Gold.* Yes, but what does that import ?

*Cheat.* A hundred did I say ? If you don't live to Six score, I'll be content to be Hang'd, when I am so old my self.

*Gold.*

*Gold.* 'Tis impossible.

*Cheat.* You will live to bury all your Children, Grand-children, Great-grand-children, and Posterity, to the fifth and sixth Generation.

*Gold.* The more I bury, the better; what care I for Posterity, I would be myself the last man of my Family.

*Cheat.* Yes Sir, as you are the first.

*Gold.* But pray Mrs. *Cheatly*, how goes our affair?

*Cheat.* If it did not go extremely well, you would not have me in so good a humour. Well, on my conscience no woman in *England* has that faculty in Match-making, that I have: there are no two persons, so opposite, that I cannot bring together: (if I had liv'd in that time) I would have been hang'd if I had not married the Pope to *Queen Elizabeth*.

*Gold.* But I would not have had that done, that might have spoil'd the Reformation: but tell me? —

*Cheat.* Why Sir? I acquainted the Mother with your proposition, and brought *Isabella* to the window, (as you appointed,) where she survey'd your person, your age, your youth, I mean your meen and all your motions.

*Gold.* And how lik'd she, ha?

*Cheat.* She likes your person infinitely, and her Mother, and she entertained the proposal with a great deal of joy; and *Isabella* says, you are the most Reverend charming old young Gentleman in all *Corvent-Garden*.

*Gold.* 'Tis her goodness, but in troth that was a little too much: but have you spoke with her Mother about Portion?

*Cheat.* Oh she'll be a vast Fortune, she will be worth above two thousand Pound a year to you (besides her Beauty,) which, if you would, you might make as much more of, if she would consent.

*Gold.* And (if I can make so much more of her) I am sure I'll make her consent, or I'll strangle her. [Aside.]

But how will she be worth so much besides?

*Cheat.* Why first, she has the most thrifty Stomach of any woman in *Europe*; she loves nothing but Sallads, Milk, Cheese, Butter, and Apples, nor does she ever desire sweet meats above Almonds and Raisins, you need not keep a Table furnished with varieties or delicacies for her: Wine she drinks none, this will be worth a thousand Pound a year; then she hates all finery, Lace she detests out of hatred to the *French*.

*Gold.* She does well, it was a Roguish invention, and he that first invented it, is damn'd.

*Cheat.* She hates rich Cabinets, Pictures, rich furnished Closets, and costly Furniture extremely, this (with her own thrift in Habits) will mount to above six thousand Pounds; then she has a horrible aversion for Gaming, then plays she detests.

*Gold.* This is admirable, I am each minute more in love with her.

*Cheat.* Then she never gives a farthing to the Poor, though she sees 'em starving.

*Gold.* How admirably shall we agree, for I hate the Poor as much as she can do.

*Cheat.*



*Cheat.* Then she abominates Singing-Masters, *French-Masters*, Dancing-Masters, Harpsical-Masters, above measure; now to sum up all these things they will amount to 2450 *l.* a year, for her life, there's four hundred and fifty Pound above your sum.

*Gold.* Mrs. *Cheatly*, these things are very good, but they are not real Goods, I would have something that I might give an Acquittance for, and say, *I say Received per me Humphry Goldingham.*

*Cheat.* Are not all these excellent qualities real Goods? and I assure you, you may receive them when you please.

*Gold.* These are not Goods and Chattels Mrs. *Cheatly*; I must touch something.

*Cheat.* Touch! why, you shall touch her, and touch her all over, and as much as you please, there's a delicate creature to touch, there's a touch for you.

*Gold.* Ay, but I must touch money; there's a delicate thing to touch, there's a touch for you!

*Cheat.* Money you shall have too, they have a good Estate in the North, which I have heard them speak of——

*Gold.* That must be seen: But there's one difficulty more; she is young, and I fear will not be brought to love an old man.

*Cheat.* Cods me, I had like to have forgot that quality of hers, she has the most unconquerable aversion, in the world, for all young men; she was to have been Married t'other day, and broke off the match, because she found the man was not above fifty.

*Gold.* It cannot be, sure.

*Cheat.* Upon my word 'tis true, she says, the young men of this age are nothing but brisk, airy, conceited, gay, proud, ignorant, foolish, singing, dancing, *Baboons* in huge Periwigs, not fit for wives.

*Gold.* It is impossible.

*Cheat.* If you did but see her Seals, and the few Pictures she has, not of *Adonis*, *Paris*, *Apollo*, *Narcissus*, or any young Figures, but of *Saturn*, *King Priam*, *Anchises*, *Nestor*, *Methusalem*, and some of the old *Patriarchs*, *John* of the times, and old *Parre*.

*Gold.* This is incomparable indeed, if I were a young woman I should never endure young Fellows; for my part I wonder what they can see in them, to love 'em so.

*Cheat.* Ay, I wonder what pleasure they can take in 'em! Oh your fine old man for my money he's the civilest, quietest Bed-fellow; worth a thousand of these young Fops, that are ever upon the spur, like a Citizen on a Journey.

*Gold.* 'Tis your goodness: But canst thou not bring this *Isabella* to Supper, to night, to my house? I am to give Mr. *Squeeze* and his Son a Supper; who shall marry my Daughter immediately, and (if you can bring this Lady) I would kill two Birds with one stone, as that excellent thrifty Proverb says.

*Cheat.* Ne're doubt it Sir, I'll bring her after Dinner to see your Daughter, and they may take the air in your Coach together, and so come back to Supper.

*Gold.* Prethee go about it instantly.

*Cheat.* But Sit ———

*Gold.*

*Gold.* Nay prethee Mrs. *Cheatly* go about it, make no delays, prethee go now.

*Cheat.* One word more.

*Gold.* No more for Heaven sake, go now.

*Cheat.* I must speak to you.

*Gold.* By no means, go just now about it, now, go quickly. [He thrusts her on towards the door.]

*Cheat.* Well, there is nothing to be done with this old Fellow now. [Ex. *Cheatly.*]

*Gold.* This *Cheatly* is a rare Woman, but I was plaguily afraid she would have asked to borrow Money of me, after she had done her Story. 'Sdeath what do I hear! the Garden door opens, she's gone in there; I must watch her, and my dear dear Money. [Exit.]

[Enter *Bellamour* and *Theodora*, as *Gold.* is going out.]

*Theodora.* What makes my Father in such haste? I believe he is gone into the Garden; where he goes a hundred times a day: But pray *Bellamour*, is your Man returned, you sent into the North to enquire of your Father?

*Bell.* Madam I expect him to night. But my dearest *Theodora*, since I have your heart, there's nothing else I have within my eye, or thought! let us not think of business, but imploy this happy minute in talking of Love.

*Theodora.* Here's my Father, to your advice again.

[Enter *Goldingham.*]

*Gold.* So all's safe in the Garden.

*Bell.* Madam you must obey, and Marry him to night, your Father will not delay the making of you happy.

*Theodora.* To night, is too sudden *Bellamour*.

*Bell.* 'Tis never too soon to obey your Father Madam.

*Gold.* Admirably well said, dear *Bellamour*, never was Man so happy in a Servant! Come into the next Room Daughter; I warrant you, my Man and I will soon convince you.

*Theodora.* Let me beg you will defer it Sir.

*Gold.* I will have it dispatch'd to night, come along.

[Exeunt omnes.]

[Rant, Hazard, Lettice, and Joyce at *Chatolins.*]

*Rant.* That *Theodore* should be such a Villain, to disappoint us.

*Hazard.* I wonder he should have no more care of his own Soul, than to break his word with honest Fellows.

*Lettice.* I believe he knows of my being here; and has not the face to see me (after some inconstancy, I have taken him in lately.)

*Joyce.* That she should pretend to an interest in him, Mr. *Rant*! but if every body that has enjoy'd her should be constant to her, (as she calls it) she would have an Army of Lovers.

*Rant.* God-a-mercy Mrs. *Joyce*, I'll drink thy health for that; here Boy give me a Glass. [Boy gives a little Glass.]

A pox on this Thimble, give me such a Glass as your Nonconforming Parsons drinks in, after labouring at a Conventicle; as big as King *John's* Cup at *Lyn*, or *John Calvins*

*Calvin at Geneva*: That is fit for nothing but to wear in a Man's Bandring (as your Citizens do Rings.)

*Boy*. Here's one will fit you Sir.

*Rant*. Fill it, and strike it.

*Lettice*. Here's thy health in a brimmer, *Hazard* have at thee.

*Hazard*. I'll do thee reason, dear Rogue, an'twere a Pulpit full of *Burgundy*; I love such honest Fellows, that let drinking and wenching go hand in hand.

*Rant*. Faith they are such sweet sociable Sins, 'tis pitty they should ever be parted.

*Hazard*. Come Boy, my Glass.

*Lettice*. But where's the Fiddlers you promised us?

*Rant*. Here's Captain *Theodore*.

[Enter *Theodore*.]

They cannot be far off.

*Theodore*. How now Gentlemen, what so forward already? Ladies you servant.

*Rant*. You see *Theodore* we are not wanting, we provide you good Company; but I am sorry you came not to Dinner.

*Lettice*. You see Mr. *Theodore* what I venture for your Company; to undergo the Scandal of these Gentlemen.

*Theodore*. No Scandal I hope Mrs. *Lettice*! for Women of your Tribe (like *Fanaticks*) are above Ordinances.

*Joyce*. Mr. *Theodore*, you are very unkind of late, one can never see you: But you see I can venture to be ruin'd with my Alderman to see you; but not a word of this.

*Theodore*. Fear it not, I am as much afraid of the Scandal as you are.

*Hazard*. Come *Theodore*, thou wantest two or three Beer-Glasses; Is it not better to drink, and be free with these glorious Harlots, than to crouch to a foolish simpering Lady that's honest?

*Rant*. Thou art like a dry-foot-Dog, that (out of a whole Herd of Deer) singles out one, whose Scent he only follows, and tires himself to catch that, when he might have twenty in the mean time.

*Theodore*. Gentlemen! the Devil is much obliged to you, you are his great Champions; and defend Whoring with as good arguments as any of his controversial Divines about the Town: But all this will not make me think ill of an honest Woman.

*Hazard*. I tell you there is not a Woman in the World, that's honest at all times, and upon all occasions.

*Theodore*. What not thy Mother, or thy Sister?

*Hazard*. No gad, if they were, I would disown them, they had none of my Blood in 'em.

*Rant*. *Theodore* let me advise thee not to speak contemptibly of Sons of Punks, for (if thou dost) Gad thou wilt raise a World of Enemies.

*Theodore*. I'll assure you, I have a better opinion of the Sex than what ill Company, and your lend Lives, have given you.

*Hazard*. Ay pox on't, thou art not *compos mentis*, thou art in love; but here's a couple of Remedies for that Disease; which (if thou dost not nip in the bud) will prove more dangerous than three Claps.

*Rant*.



*Rant.* I hope it's nothing but some fumes of the Spleen, that make him base Company, (for the present :) I hope (with these Ladies assistance, and a Bottle or two of *Burgundy*) to set them right yet.

*Lettice.* I am Mr. *Theodore's* humble Servant, he shall want no assistance I can give him.

*Joyce.* Nor will I be deficient in any thing to serve him.

*Lettice.* Alas, Madam, he does not ask your Service, nor would it do him much good.

*Joyce.* Goodlack, Mrs. *Lettice*, you are so exalted by the bounty of Mr. *Squeeze* the Scrivener, and twenty or thirty more, that (unknown to him) Club with him.

*Lettice.* Twenty or thirty, thou insolent Creature? did you learn no better Manners of your Alderman?

*Rant.* Hold, Ladies, here are the Fiddlers. [Flourish of Fiddles.]  
Let them reconcile your Quarrel. Come in, Youths.

[Enter Fiddlers.] [Enter Mrs. Cheatly and Mrs. Betty.]

*Cheat.* Come, Gentlemen, you shall not be merry without me, I will participate. [They all salute Betty.]

*Hazard.* Who is this thou hast brought with thee, Mrs. *Cheatly*?

*Cheat.* A pretty young Girl, which I am to marry to an old Prebend; but mum for that.

*Rant.* Boy, give me a mighty Glas of *Burgundy*: *Theodore*, here's thy Mistress's Health; *Hazard*, to you; Fiddlers, play a Health. [They flourish.]

*Theodore.* You are very brisk, but I shall tame you, I warrant you.

*Hazard.* Come, Ladies, Faith you shall not scape, we'll warm ye first with Wine, and then with a Dance, Mrs. *Cheatly*.

*Cheat.* I'll pledge you Sir, but with allowance. [They flourish.]

*Hazard.* With all my Heart, take your Liberty.

*Cheat.* Mrs. *Joyce*, Mr. *Theodore's* Mistress.

*Joyce.* With all my Heart, Madam *Cheatly*. [They flourish.]

There's one in this Room, perhaps, is as nearly concerned in it, as any body.

*Lettice.* For all that you know, Mrs. *Joyce*, I vow, Mr. *Theodore*, her confidence makes me ashamed of her.

*Theodore.* Alas, poor Modesty! Fa, la, la.

*Cheat.* If you will have any singing, I'll sing you a little Country-Song shall stir up these Girls more than your Fiddles and Voices can do.

*Hazard.* Prethee do, *Cheatly*.

## S O N G.

**A**S I walk'd in the Woods one Evening of late,  
A Lass was deploring her hapless Estate;  
She sigh'd, and she sob'd, Ah wretched, she said;  
Will no Youth come succour a Languishing Maid?  
Shall I still sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,  
And languish for ever for want of a Man?

*At first when I saw a Young Man in the place,  
My Colour would fade, and then flush in my Face;  
My Breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o're;  
I thought 'twas an Ague, but Alas, it was more;  
For e'er since I've sigh'd, and do what I can,  
I find I must languish for want of a Man.*

*When in Bed all the Night I weep on my Pillow,  
To see others happy, while I wear the Willow;  
I revenge my self on the innocent Sheet,  
Where in rage I have oftentimes made my Teeth meet:  
But all this wont serve, let me do what I can,  
I find I must languish for want of a Man.*

*Now all my fresh Colour deserted my Face,  
And let a pale Greenness succeed in the place:  
I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my Meat,  
And nothing but Chalk, Lime, or Oatmeal, can eat:  
But in my despair I'll die if I can,  
And languish no longer for want of a Man.*

*Joyce. Really, Madam Cheatly, 'tis a pretty Song.*

*Cheat. 'Tis a little too wanton, that's the fault on't.*

*Rant. Nay, it cannot be too much of that; how dost like it, Theodore?*

*Theodore. Pox on't, there no Wit in't.*

*Rant. Don't all your greatest Wits make Songs without any Wit at all in 'em, that take extreamly?*

*Hazard. Come, Theodore, take out thy Woman; we'll bounce their Bodies in a Dance.*

[Enter Robin.]

*Cheat. Is Robin here? He Dances well, (with his Master's leave) he shall be my Partner.*

*Theodore. With all my Heart; but what News, Robin?*

*Robin. Mr. Squeeze the Scrivener, Sir, will come to you, and bring the Gentleman that will lend the Money.*

*Theodore. Squeeze does not know me.*

*Robin. No, Sir, I told him it was a young Gentleman in whom he must be satisfied, when he knew his Name.*

*Rant. Come, Theodore, I bar all Business now.*

*Theodore. Come, Gentlemen, I'll be as idle for a while as the best of you, strike up.*

[They Dance.]

[After the Dance, Enter Timothy.]

*Tim. Gentlemen, by your leave; is my Father here among ye?*

*Rant. Pox of this Rascal, knock him on the Head.*

*Hazard. Hold, Rant, who is your Father?*

*Tim. Mr.*

*Tim.* Mr. Squeeze the Scrivener, de' understand me? Lord! that Gentleman needed not have been so angry; my Father is a Livery-Man, de' see? I am no such contemptible person, I promise you.

*Hazard.* Be civil to him, he has the Countenance of an excellent Bubble.

*Rant.* I warrant thee, I'll make much of him; Sir, I hope you'll forgive my ignorance of your person; had I known you, I should not have been so unmannerly.

*Tim.* Nay, 'las, I'll be Friends with you, for my part, with all my Heart; but my Father was sent for to this House, to some Gallants that wanted Money; and by the Noise and Ranting you kept here, de' understand me, I thought you had been the Men.

*Hazard.* We expect him here every Minute.

*Theodore.* Now will you brace of Knaves, Cheat this Fool.

*Hazard.* If he 'scapes us one way or other, I'll forswear *Cater-deus-ace*, and smooth Box, as long as I live.

*Lettice.* Heaven! if Mr. Squeeze finds me here, I shall be ruin'd for ever.

*Cheat.* Pray let's withdraw into another Room more private.

*Theodore.* Go all into another Room, and I'll come to you suddenly; I will but speak one word with my Man.

*Rant.* Come on, Ladies: Come, Sir, we must engage you till your Father comes.

*Tim.* Sir, your Servant, I don't care if I spend my Pint with you; and it be a Quart, I have Money enough, de' see?

*Hazard.* And shall have little enough, de' see? before we leave you. [*Aside.*  
[*Ex. all but Theodore and Robin.*

*Theodore.* Come, *Robin*, is there any hopes of procuring the three hundred Pounds?

*Robin.* Yes, Sir, you may have the Money upon some few Conditions; and I (seeing you could not have it upon other Terms) told him you must have the Money upon any Condition.

*Theodore.* So I must, but what are they?

*Robin.* I'll read 'em to you, Sir, I have 'em here in writing; first, you must engage some Reversion of Land for Security.

*Theodore.* That's reasonable.

*Robin.* Item, Mr. Squeeze will have 30 l. for Broakerage, for he but procures it.

*Theodore.* Oh damn'd Jew!

*Robin.* Have patience, Sir, you shall hear more: Item, the Gentleman that Lends it, will not in Conscience take above 6 in the hundred; but he will have a Present of 30 l. for a pair of Candlesticks.

*Theodore.* What cursed Exaction's this!

*Robin.* Item, he will have you take the greatest part of it in Goods.

*Theodore.* A Curse on him, what Moor or wild Arab is this?

*Robin.* Ho'd, Sir, *Imprimis*, a fine new Razor-Case, with Razors, and every thing suitable; the Case in-laid with Silver, and all the Instruments with Silver Heads, very fit for your Man to learn to shave by.

*Theodore.*



*Theodore.* Death and Hell! what's this?

*Robin.* Item A *Bolonia* Lute, a *Roman* Arch Lute, 2 Gittars, a *Cremona* Violin, 1 *Lyra* Viol, 1 Viol de Gambo, and a Trump Marin, very fit for you, if you be a Lover of Musick; Item a very neat Chels-Board, and a pair of Tables, very good to pass away the time with.

*Theodore.* What abominable Villains are these?

*Robin.* Item 15 large Pewter Dishes, 2 Dozen of Pewter Plates, 2 Brass Pots, and a Kettle, very useful for you against you keep house. Item a Furnace of Brick, with the Cornues and Recipients, very fit for you, if you be curious in Distilling. Item 1 Scrueed Pistol, 3 Muskets, 1 Back, Breast, Head-piece, and Gauntlet, and 5 Swords; these things are valued at 160 l.

*Theodore.* What Inhuman bloody Rogues are these? I should not have above 80 l. of all this money: Heaven what shall I do! money I must and will have, though by all the extremities in the world.

[Enter Squeeze and Goldingham.]

*Gold.* But do you think there is no danger?

*Sque.* None at all, he says his Father is so well known, that no man will question him: Besides he is so pressed for money, that he'll undergo whatever you can put upon him.

*Gold.* That's very well.

*Sque.* Besides, he'll go to the Ensurance-Office, and ensure his own Life and his Father's Death, as you know they will ensure any thing.

*Gold.* That's well again.

*Theodore.* 'Sdeath who's here, my Father? I am betray'd by this Rogue.

*Sque.* Oh Sir, your Servant, this is the young Gentleman Mr. *Goldingham* that wants the money.

*Gold.* Oh Heaven, my Son! I am amaz'd.

*Sque.* Is it his Son? This is lucky, above my wishes, [Aside.] He will disinheret him; and my Son will have a Portion then, a large one with his Daughter.

*Theodore.* You Rascal, did you betray me? I'll cut your throat you Dog.

[Softly.]

*Sque.* I betray you! Heaven forbid it.

*Gold.* Oh you Villain, is it you that abandon your self to these wicked extremities?

*Theodore.* Is it you Sir that are guilty of these abominable extortions?

*Gold.* Is it you that would ruin your self by your debauchery? and borrow money upon such conditions?

*Theodore.* Is it you Sir that seek to enrich your self by the Ruin of People, in lending money upon such shameful conditions?

*Gold.* Dare you appear before me after this?

*Theodore.* Dare you appear before the world after this?

*Gold.* Have you no shame in you, you debauched Villain! to spend thus impiously, what I have sweat for; to make away the reversion of your Estate, upon such dishonourable conditions?

*Theodore.* Do not you blush to dishonour your Name and Family, by the most cruel

cruel exaction, and unheard-of subtleties, that the most infamous of Usurers, nay *Jews* themselves, could ne're invent.

*Gold.* Are you such a borrower?

*Theodore.* Are you such a lender?

*Gold.* Come along Mr. *Squeeze*, I cannot endure the sight of this Villain any longer.

[*Ex. Goldingham and Squeeze.*]

*Theodore.* So, my affairs are in a very good posture, I am disappointed of money, and undone with my Father, if I cannot find out a way to bring my self off.

*Robin.* Make him believe, that it was for another you enquired for the money; and knowing that *Squeeze* dealt with your Father, (which I am sure you ne're suspected till now) that you intended it for your Father's advantage.

*Theodore.* We'll think on't, and for *Squeeze*, I hope my friends in the next Room will revenge me to the full upon his Son; I'll into 'em, and set them on.

*Robin.* Do Sir, and at misfortunes ne're repine,  
While there are handsom Women, and good Wine.

## ACT III. SCENE III.

*Enter Theodore and Bellamour.*

*Theo.* **S**IR, I have at length broke loose by force from my Company to wait on you; my Sister has told the honour you have done her, and me.

*Bell.* Sir, I humbly beg your pardon for not first making my address to you; my long absence had made me a stranger to all the Town, and by that means to your Character; had I known you to be a man of that honour I find you, I should not have gone so indirect a way.

*Theo.* Sir, I am happy that (any way) this favour can be conferred by a person of your worth upon my Sister; and so much honour on my self; and therefore 'tis my interest, as well as inclination, to desire of you that all Names may be laid by between us too, but that of Brother.

*Bell.* It is a Name that, since you are pleased to honour me with it, shall not be forgotten, or ungratefully own'd while I live.

*Theo.* Dear Brother, let me embrace you.

*Bell.* Let this eternally bind us, my dearest Brother.

*Theo.* I am extreamly glad you have prevailed so upon my Fathers opinion, since it may be of great use, as well to your own affairs, as to mine.

*Bell.* Do not distinguish our interests, for yours is now become mine.

*Theo.* I am extreamly oblig'd to you for your kindness, and I have now occasion to use you in a business of my own; I know you will excuse my freedom.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* There's nothing you can ever do to me, can need an excuse ; nor is there any thing you can ask of me, which I can deny.

*Theo.* I doubt not but my Father has e're this told you of his anger against me.

*Bell.* He has, and I am very sorry for it, but I hope to serve you in this affair.

*Theo.* I can put you in a way to do it, as thus, I'll tell you immediately.

[Enter *Cheatly*.]

*Cheatly.* Oh Mr. *Theodore*, your friends are very angry with you for leaving of 'em ; but you Coxcomp young *Squeeze* is as drunk as a Bully, and so sweet upon Mrs *Joyce* (who is the only Woman I have left with them) that there is no staying him off her : She perswaded him to play with *Hazard* at Backgammon, and he has already lost his *Edward* Shillings that he kept for Shovel-board, and was pulling out Broad-pieces (that have not seen the *Sun* these many years) when I came away.

*Theodore.* I am heartily glad on't, I am sure the Rogues have no more mercy than a Bayliff with an Execution in his Pocket ; but prethee what brings you hither ? Does my Father go astray towards the Flesh ?

*Cheatly.* No no, I come to borrow Money of him upon Security ; good enough, as you shall find to your cost.

[*Aside*]

*Theodore.* I'll send him to you, come my dear Brother.

*Bell.* I wait on you.

[*Ex. Bellamour and Theodore.*]

*Cheatly.* If I be not reveng'd of *Theodore*, for uling my Daughter unkindly, I have lost my cunning ; I am sure there can be no Instrument of it so certain, as a Mother-in-Law.

[Enter *Robin*.]

*Robin.*—— Dear Mrs. *Cheatly* ! were not you discourag'd enough last time, but you must venture again hither ?

*Cheatly.* I'll never give him over till I prevail upon him.

*Robin.* It is impossible, you'll sooner perswade a profest Jew to Swines Flesh and Images, than him to parting with Money.

*Cheatly.* Distrust not my art.

*Robin.* I heartily wish it might prevail, though I despair on't, for (to say truth) Mrs. *Cheatly* I have need at present for a great deal of love, not forgetting a little Money, from you.

*Cheatly.* Thou shalt want neither, as long as I can help thee ; here's something, come to my House at night, and thou shalt have more.

*Robin.* Thank you dear Mistress, it comes seasonably —— Though loving such a one as she deserves very well ; yet this is the freest Titt that ever had inclination to mankind.

[*Aside.*]

[Enter *Goldingham*.]

*Gold.* S'death you Rogue, are you about my House ? begon Rascal.

*Robin.* Call me Rascal before my Mistress ? I could find in my honour to beat him for an old Sink cater.

*Cheatly.* Why do you use *Robin* so unkindly ? he's a pretty ingenuous young Man.

*Gold.*



*Gold.* Hang him Rascal ! But prethee how goes our business on ?

*Cheat.* As you can with : she says, she saw you even now walk under her Window, and made me the pleasantest description, and is so taken with you ! She says, you are of a fit Age and Beard for her, and infinitely admires the Gravity and Decency of your Habit.

*Gold.* Does she like me, say you ?

*Cheat.* To admiration : Pray Sir turn you ; just that delicate shape, that convenient height that she describ'd ! Pray let me see you walk : just that free and janty meen, that very easie and unconstrained motion which she describ'd.

*Gold.* It is strange she should take so much notice of me in so short a time, hah.

*Cheat.* She says, you look as if you had no kind of Infirmary.

*Gold.* I have none very great, (thank Heaven) I have only a Deflection that troubles me sometimes. [He Coughs.]

*Cheat.* Oh, you are ne're the worse for that Rheum ; you have an admirable grace, a good air and meen in Coughing ; it becomes no man in Europe so well as you.

*Gold.* No, no, you jest, you are a wag ; but will *Isabella* come to see my Daughter ?

*Cheat.* Yes Sir, I am to go and wait on her hither immediately.

*Gold.* Dear Mrs. *Cheatly*, you oblige me infinitely.

*Cheat.* I oblige her of all things in the world.

But Sir, I have an humble Petition to you.

*Gold.* What the Devil says she ?

*Cheat.* I am just now at the point of being cast in a Suit, for want of a little money to Fee my Lawyers with ; you may if you please easily supply me, [He Smiles.] you cannot imagine what joy she had, when I told her I would wait on her to your house ; you cannot believe what pleasure she'll have to see you.

*Gold.* Me, alas ! alas !

*Cheat.* Upon my word Sir, this Suit is of that consequence to me, that I shall be ruin'd, if I lose it ; and a little assistance from you, [He Frowns.] will restore my Business again : Oh ! if you could but have seen what transport she was in, when I was speaking of you, what joy shin'd [He Smiles again.] through her Eyes, when I repeated your excellent qualities to her : in fine, I have made her very impatient till this Marriage be concluded.

*Gold.* You have done me the greatest pleasure imaginable, and I owe all the kindness in the world to you.

*Cheat.* Sir, since it is so, I beg of you that you will afford me the small supply which I demand. [He Frowns again.]

*Gold.* Well adieu, I'll go see all things prepar'd for her reception in time.

*Cheat.* I assure you, you could never supply me in so great an exigence.

*Gold.* Well, I'll see my Coach and Horses put in order for ye to take the air.

*Cheat.* I should not importune you, if I had not the greatest necessity in the world.

*Gold.* Let me know what she and you love best, that I may bespeak it to Supper.

*Cheat.* I beg of you, do not refuse me; you cannot imagine the pleasure a little sum of money would do me.

*Gold.* Well, I must go see that Supper be ready in good time, for fear ye should be sick, if ye eat too late.

*Cheat.* Pray consider my condition ———

*Gold.* I warrant ye you shall have Supper ready early enough, I'll bespeak it instantly: Farewel. [He rushes from her, and Exit.]

*Cheat.* This is the most obdurate, inhuman old fellow, that are yet ventur'd a soul to the Devil for money.

[Enter Robin.]

*Robin.* What, you have succeeded just as I expected.

*Cheat.* A curse on him, he was prepar'd and fortified against all my At-  
taques.

*Robin.* I tell you, you will sooner perswade *Quakers* to conform, and wear the Surplice; or Bauds to become *Nuns*; than him to part with any money.

*Cheat.* I'll bait him once with the sight of this Lady here; and if that does not mollifie him, I can soon bring her over to another that shall bid high enough for her.

*Robin.* This Trafficking for Maiden-Heads is an excellent profession; but they are very dear, for their Rarity.

*Cheat.* But I think I must wholly leave off Trading about Marriages, the Market runs higher at present t'other way.

*Robin.* Faith then, it's the wisest course.

*Cheat.* I'll consider on't, but come you shall usher me to the Lady I speak of.

*Robin.* Allons.

[Exeunt.]

*Hazard, Rant, Timothy, Joyce, Boy.*

*Tim. and Haz. at Tables.*

*Tim.* On my conscience and soul you Cog, de' see? look one the *Motto* o'th' Tables, *Playfair and swear not*, de' hear me? [Drunk.]

*Haz.* On my honour Sir.

*Tim.* A Devil take your honour for me, de' see? that's all your word at this end of the Town; de' conceive me? but for all that, one can't trust a man of ye: Here it goes *Size-Ace*, *Hazard* hold out.

*Tim.* Did ever man see the like! on my conscience and soul you deal with the Devil, de' mark me? Mrs. *Joyce*, let me have but one kiss, de' conceive me, and I shall win the Game sack.

*Joyce.* Nay fie Mr. *Timothy*.

*Tim.* Nay, ne're offer to resist, de' see? for would I might ne're stir if I han't it, if I set upon't; Come come. [They struggle, he kisses her.]

*Joyce.* You are but a rude person, let me tell you that.

*Tim.* I told you I'd have it, I faith; now Sir, I am for you.

*Rant.* Prethee *Joyce* be not so coy to this young Fool, he may be of great advantage to us all, and especially to thee.

*Joyce.* I hope he might use more Courtship to a Person of my Quality, there is some difference sure.

*Rant.*

**Rant.** Prethee let there be none, I am sure you will not repent it. **Mr. Timothy,** here's the Ladies health in a brimmer.

**Tim.** I'll pledge you an't were a Peck, (*six and three,*) for would I might ne're go home alive if she be not one of the Prettiest Gentlewomen I ever saw in my life, (*Sink-Duce;*) Come drink it off.

**Rant.** 'Tis off, and there's a brimmer for you.

**Tim.** Where are the Fiddlers? I'll vow and swear I will not drink without Fiddles.

**Rant.** They are drinking in the next Room, Boy, call 'em in.

**Haz.** *Twelve,* there's a Back-Gammon, the Gold is my own. [*Ex. Boy.*]

**Tim.** A duce take't, I have lost all, as I am an honest man, on my Conscience you have made a League. I make no more of **Mr. Selware's** Journey-man next door to us, I give him one in five.

**Rant.** If you want any money, you shall have what you will of me; but drink the health first.

**Tim.** Come on, Musicianers, strike up, Hey: Here forsooth, here's your health; and would I might ne're go out of this place, if I would not drink it sooner than my Sisters, or my Mothers, if she were alive: [*He drinks, they flourish.*]

Ha ha, this is the prettiest way of drinking I vow; it encourages us, as Drums and Trumpets do, when we let off our Guns at a Muster. Come Hey, what care I for losses, my Father has money enough, de' see? **Mrs. Joyce,** with your Cozens leave, I make bold to love you with all my heart.

**Joyce.** I am oblig'd to you really, but I know not how to return it.

**Tim.** O your love! I warrant you, you know well enough if you would; well to-morrow we show at *Hide-Park*, and (if I know your Lodging) I'll give you a Gun as I come back, and steal a Bottle of Sack, and the Tip of a Neats-Tongue, and bring you, I tell you that.

**Rant.** Nay prethee **Hazard** give an honest account, do'nt sink for shame.

**Haz.** Upon my honour, he lost no more, what dost take me for a Cheat?

**Tim.** Come Gentlemen you don't drink, give me a Glas, here's my Mistris's Health; I make bold to call you so, de' see?

**Joyce.** O your servant.

**Tim.** Come Gentlemen, an't I pure Company now? strike up Musicianers, Hey; Gad you think we Citizens are good for nothing, [*He drinks.*] de' conceive me? But there's a knot of us, of about sixteen or eighteen, if we get together, can be as merry as the best of you; we can I faith, and sing, *A Boat, a Boat,* or *Here's a health to his Majesty, with a fa la la lero,* and roar gallantly **Mrs. Joyce.**

**Joyce.** Methinks you are as pretty a Spark as any about the Town.

**Tim.** I think so, I'll scorn any of 'em should out-do me if I set upon it. Hey! [*He leaps and falls down.*]

**Joyce.** What, have you hurt your self?

**Tim.** Pshaw, not at all; *fa la la lero,* come **Mrs. Joyce,** [*He sings.*] we'll have a Song faik now; Violin-men, (I dare not call 'em Fiddlers, for fear they should be angry) sing us a Catch; Oh I have seen one of these Act the



Country-man, and *Simkin* in the Chest rarely; and you may talk of your Plays, but give me such pretty harmless Drolls for my money.

*Rant.* Well, you are a merry man.

*Tim.* I'll be as merry as the best, hang losses, *Hey, bey, strike up, fa la la la la levo.*

*Haz.* Let me embrace you, dear Mr. *Timothy*; well he's admirable Company Mrs. *Joyce*.

*Tim.* Oh! am I so? Sing a Catch you Rogues, or I'll break your Heads; give me a Glais; here Adversary, here's to you.

*Rant.* A pox on him, he'll be too drunk.

[*They sing.*]

### A CATCH in four Parts.

Come lay by your Cares, and hang up your Sorrow,  
 Drink on, he's a Sot that ere thinks on to morrow;  
 Good store of good Claret supplies every thing,  
 And the man that is drunk, is as great as a King.  
 Let none at Misfortunes, or Losses repine,  
 But take a full Dose of the Juice of the Vine;  
 Diseases and Troubles are ne're to be found,  
 But in the Damn'd Place, where the Glass goes not round.

*Tim.* An admirable Song Mrs. *Joyce*, thank you honest friends: I have heard these men sing gallantly before my Lord Mayor; Diseases and Troubles are ne're, &c. [*He sings out of Tune.*]

*Rant.* Come will you take Revenge on Hazard, here's 20*l.* if you will.

*Tim.* Hang Revenge sack, he's a very honest Gentleman, besides I have in my Fob 20*l.* in broad Gold I did not tell you of.

*Rant.* Is not that good news Hazard?

*Tim.* Come Mrs. *Joyce*, let's sing and be merry a bit; Diseases and Troubles, &c. Hey. Mrs. *Joyce*, come to Bed: [*He falls down dead Drunk.*]  
 Come I say quickly, I am in haste, come away.

*Haz.* So now you have done well, this Rogue has 20*l.* about him; and you have made him so drunk, he cannot lose it to us.

*Rant.* Let's carry him into another Room to sleep, and pick his Pocket; gad it's all one.

*Haz.* No pox, our way is a little more honourable.

*Joyce.* I have had excellent company of you to day Gentlemen.

*Rant.* I know thou hast goodness enough to pardon it; but if my design succeeds, you shall have cause to thank me; I will watch this Fellow, as *Bacon* did his Brazen Head; and (if I do not marry him to thee) I'll be bound never to Cheat the Son of a Citizen again.

*Joyce.* Flatter not your self, 'tis impossible.

*Haz.* Ne're doubt him, you know not his Art; but whilst he watches him, I'll wait on you to my Lodging; whither he shall bring *Timothy* as soon as he wakes.

*Joyce.*

*Joyce.* Come on, your Servant, Mr. *Rant*.

[*Ex. Joyce and Hazard.*]

*Rant.* Your Servant, sweet Mrs. *Joyce*.

*Mr. Timothy,* wake a little.

*Tim.* I'll not wake for my Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and all the Common Council, de' see?

*Rant.* Here, Waiter, help to carry him into the next Room. [*Exeunt. Goldingham, Theodore, and Theodora.*]

*Gold.* But it is really, as *Bellamour* tells me, that you would procure the Money for another?

*Theodore.* Upon my word, Sir, the young Gentleman will give you a meeting to morrow-morning.

*Gold.* 'Tis somewhat better, but why did you keep such scurvy Prodigal Company.

*Theodore.* I did it only to draw him in, and get Money of him.

*Gold.* That's very well. Now, Son, I have something else to say to you; the Lady which I intend for your Mother-in-Law, will be here instantly; and I charge you betray not the least dislike of any thing in your Countenance; but use her with all the respect imaginable.

*Theodore.* I can't promise you to be glad of the coming of a Mother-in-Law; but I am sure I will not dislike her you have chosen.

*Gold.* Nor you, Daughter?

*Theodora.* I have never given you occasion to suspect so ill a thing of me.

*Theodore.* 'Sdeath! what Instrument of the Devil has he made use of, to seduce *Isabella* hither?

*Gold.* Leave me now, and send in all my Servants.

[*Ex. Theodore and Theodora.*]

[*Enter Oldwoman, Roger, James, Will.*]

Here, where are you all? mind all your Charges. *Oldwoman* first, to you it belongs to make every thing clean: But do you hear? do not Rub my Moveables too hard, to wear them out; if you do, I shall stop your Wages.

*James.* Hey, what's to do now?

*Gold.* You, *Roger*, take all the Bottles and Glasses, and rince them; and take Charge of 'em; if there be one lost or broke, I'll bate it out of your Wages, Sirrah.

*James.* That I am sure of.

*Gold.* Then do you, *William*, fill the Drink; but, never but when they are dry, and let 'em call for't twice or thrice, pretend to be a little thick of Hearing: Here are a Company of Roguish Lackey's about the Town, that are always offering the Glafs, and provoking people to drink, and kill themselves, I will have no such Rogues about me.

*William.* I warrant you, Sir, I'll look to the Drink.

*Gold.* Then look you have your best Cloaths on when the people come.

*Roger.* I have my best, and all I have on, but they are so horribly greasie before, that they are fit for nothing but to give to a Soap-boyler, or Kitchenstuff-Woman.

*William.*

*William.* And mine are so full of holes behind, as if I had a Volley of Musket-Bullets in my Posteriors.

*Gold.* You foolish Knaves, cannot you Sirrah take your Hat, and hold it before you to hide the Grease? And do you Sirrah turn your Face always to the People, to hide those holes behind; and when you are sent for any thing, go backward, thus you Rascal. Now to you *James.*

[*Ex. Old-woman Roger, and William.*]

*James.* Would you speak to me as your Cook, or Coach-man? for you know I serve in both Offices.

*Gold.* As my Cook.

*James.* Good Sir hold a little.

[*He puts off his Coach-mans Cloak, and appears like a Cook.*]

*Gold.* What a Devil is this Ceremony for? you Rascal.

*James.* Good Sir have a little patience: Now speak, I am ready.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Gold.* Oh *Bellamour* come and assist me; *James*, I am to give a Supper to night.

*James.* The most miraculous thing I ever heard of!

*Gold.* Can you make us good Cheer?

*James.* Yes, if you will let me have a great deal of Money.

*Gold.* Money! you Rascal you, have ye nothing to say but Money; nothing in your Mouth but Money, Money, Money?

*Bell.* I never heard so impertinent an answer, every fool can do that; but you must make a good Entertainment with a little Money.

*James.* Good Mr. Steward, I would you would teach me that secret.

*Gold.* Peace Sirrah, and tell me what we must have.

*James.* There's your *Fac-totum*, let him tell you.

*Gold.* Answer me, or I'll break your Head.

*James.* Hold Sir, I will, how many will there be?

*Gold.* Ten in all, but provide enough but for eight.

*James.* Why you must have, first, two great Soupes made of Veal, Ducks, Chickens, Coxcombs, Sweet-Breads, Mushromes, Palates, Forced-meat, Artichok-bottoms.——

*Gold.* 'Sdeath you Rogue, you would Feast all the Town.

*James.* Then Fricasees, Ragousts, a huge Dish (with all sorts of Fowles) as Duck, Teal——

*Gold.* Hold your Tongue you Rogue, you would undo me.

*James.* Then Plover, Dotril——

*Gold.* Hold you Rogue.

[*He stops James's Mouth with his Hand.*]

*James.* Snipes, Ruffs, Woodcocks.

*Gold.* Hold you Dog, he puts me into a cold sweat.

*James.* Partridges, Gnats, Godwits.

*Gold.* Will the Rogue never have done?

*James.* Pheasants, Heath-Pouts, Black-Cocks, Quails, Rails, Larks, &c.

*Bell.* What do you intend to cram all the Town? my Master does not invite People, to murder 'em with eating.

*James.* But he would not starve 'em sure.

*Bell.*



*Bell.* People should eat to live, not live to eat ; as the Proverb says.

*Gold.* O dear *Bellamour*, let me Embrace thee for that word, he was a great Man that said that ; I will have that Sentence Engraven in Great Letters over my Hall Chimney.

*Bell.* Ne're trouble him Sir, Ple take care of the Supper.

*James.* Pray do Sir, with a little Money, we shall see what 'twill be.

*Gold.* But now for my Coach.

[He puts on his Coach-man's Cloak.]

*James.* Hold good Sir, good Sir hold a little : Now Sir, what were you saying of your Coach ?

*Gold.* Let it be clean'd, and the Horses Harnessed.

*James.* Horses Sir, why they are in that poor condition, that a Man must stretch devillishly to call 'em Horses ; they are but the Shadows or Ghosts of Horses.

*Gold.* Can they be sick and do nothing ?

*James.* Yes Sir, you make 'em keep such severe Lents, they eat no more than *Camelions* ; I look every day when they should depart this Life : For my part, it grieves my heart, for I have a tender love and respect for my Horses ; and indeed a Man should not be so hard hearted, or unnatural, not to pity his Neighbour in distress.

*Gold.* The Journey will not be far.

*James.* I have not the Courage to put 'em in ; how can they draw the Coach, that cannot drag their Legs after them.

*Bell.* Sir, Ple engage one to drive 'em.

*James.* I had rather they should die under any bodies hands than mine ; but have a mighty necessary Man here to your Superintendent.

*Gold.* Peace you unmannerly Rascal.

*Bell.* Ple about these things instantly.

*Gold.* Do good *Bellamour*.

*James.* Sir, I cannot endure these Flatterers, and Pickthanks, I speak my mind plainly ; and it made me mad to hear him say things to your Face, of you, that none of all mankind besides will say.

*Gold.* Why, what does the World say of me ?

*James.* Pardon me Sir, you'll be angry if I tell you.

*Gold.* On the contrary, it will please me infinitely to see that plain dealing in you, let the World say what they will.

*James.* Truly I must deal plainly with one I love, and (next to my Horses) you are the Person in the World, that I have the greatest respect for.

*Gold.* Come speak.

*James.* Why Sir, in plain honest sincerity of heart, I tell you in short, no Man gives one good word of you ; one says you never fail to pick Quarrels with your Servants at Quarter day, that you may turn 'em away without their Wages, that you have been taken Robbing of your own Horses of their Provender : That (when you go by Water to your House at *Putney*) you take a Sculler, and make him bate half his Fair, for your helping him to Row ; in short, you would Rob, Pick Pockets, Murder, betray your Country, and do any Villany in the World for Money ; your Name is never used without Cursing, and calling you Villain, Wretch, Knave, common Barreter, Oppressor, Horse-Leech.

*Gold.*

Gold. You are a Rogue, a Son of a Whore, a Dog, a Rascal.

[He beats him with his Cane.]

James. I was afraid this would be the end on't, a pox on plain dealing for me; did you not command me to tell you?

Gold. I'll teach you how to speak Rogue another time. [Ex. Goldingham.]

James. Well, I see it is not safe for any Man to be honest in this Age.

Bell. How now Mr. James, your plain dealing is rewarded very ill.

James. 'Sdeath do you make sport at my beating? Laugh at your own, when you have one.

Bell. Nay prethee be moderate.

James. He intreats me, he huff a little and try [Aside.] if he fears me: Do you know Sir that I cannot endure to be laugh't at? and that I will make you laugh in another fashion. [He presses upon Bellamour.]

Bell. Nay softly James, if you please.

James. No Sir, it does not please me. [James presses still upon Bellamour.]

Bell. Nay good James.

James. You are a very impertinent Fellow.

Bell. Have patience a little.

James. I will have none; If I take a Cudgel, I will so Chastise you.

Bell. How Rascal a Cudgel, did you say a Cudgel? [James Retreats.]

James. No no no Sir, alas I have no occasion for one, not I.

Bell. Do you think I am to be beaten Sirrah?

James. Alas Sir not I, I have better thoughts of you.

Bell. Are you not a Son of a Whore?

James. Yes Sir, any thing in the World, what you please, I am a Son of a Whore Sir, a Son of a damn'd Whore.

Bell. Do you know me Rascal?

[Bellamour pursues James, who retires round about the Stage.]

James. O Lord Sir, I honour you abundantly.

Bell. Did you say you would Cudgel me?

James. I was in jesting, I did but droll upon my honour.

Bell. And I shall beat you in jesting.

James. Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake.

Bell. Remember Sirrah, against another time, you are a very scurvy Railleur.

[Ex. Bellamour.]

James. A pox on all sincerity, and plain dealing for me, I have had a couple of good substantial Beatings; but if I am not reveng'd on this domineering Fellow, I will give Dogs leave to play upon me.

[Enter Honest and Cheatly.]

Cheatly. Do you know whether your Master be within?

James. A pox on't, I know him too well.

Cheatly. Pray tell him, where he is.

[Ex. James.]

Honest. But (that I am bound to obey my Mother) you should never have made me run my self into the danger of seeing this old Man, for (though his Daughter, whom I come to wait on, I hear is an excellent person, yet) I strangely apprehend the trouble of seeing him.

Cheatly.

*Cheatly.* Consult your Interest Madam, he's very rich, and very old, and will leave you a great deal of Money, that may qualifie you to Marry any young Gentleman you please, hereafter.

*Isabella.* But I have a natural antipathy to old Men, as some have to Cats.

*Cheatly.* This old Man will not have the Impudence to trouble your Ladyship above a year, after you are Married to him.

*Isabella.* I shall never wait for that time, to make my self happy ; one year of such punishment would out-weigh all the pleasure I could have all my life after.

*Cheatly.* I find the young Brisk Gentleman you spoke of yesterday is still in your Head.

*Isabella.* He is I confess, and in my Heart too, and I think nothing will e're get him out ; he keeps such a stir there, he will never let me rest a minute.

*Cheatly.* Do you know who 'tis Madam ?

*Isabella.* No, but I have often seen him walking by my Lodging, and perpetually looking up at the Balcony, either upon me when I was there, or watching for my coming thither ; and by his look, and air, I guess all is not well with him neither ; I hope he's in the same condition with my self.

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Cheatly.* Here comes the old Gentleman.

*Isabella.* What Spectacle's that ?

*Gold.* God save you Lady, I am obliged to you for the honour you do my poor House, which if you can love an old Man, know Lady I am above Six and fifty, and it shall be yours : What a Devil Mrs. *Cheatly* ! she answers nothing, nor shews any kind of pleasure at the sight of me.

*Cheatly.* O Sir ! she's surpris'd extreamly ; besides, Maids endeavour what they can to hide their affections ; she is so full of joy, she cannot speak to you.

*Gold.* That's something indeed.

*Isabella.* What a prodigious, ridiculous old Fellow is this ?

*Gold.* What says my fair one ?

*Cheatly.* That you are a most admirable Person.

*Gold.* Fair Lady, you do me too much honour.

*Isabella.* What an abominable, odious old Fellow's this !

*Gold.* I am infinitely obliged Madam, for your good opinion of me : Here's Daughter Madam.

[Enter Theodora.]

*Isabella.* Madam, I have too long delay'd waiting on you, but I hope you will pardon it.

*Theodora.* Madam, you do what I ought to have done ; 'Twas on my part, to have prevented you.

[Enter Theodore.]

*Gold.* Here's my Son comes to kiss your Hand.

*Isabella.* Oh Mrs. *Cheatly* ! what accident's this ? This is the young Gentleman I spoke of.

*Cheatly.* This is wonderful.

*Gold.* I see you are a little amazed to see me have such lusty Children, but I will soon be rid of them both.

F

*Theodore.*



*Theodore.* Madam, this is an adventure which I did not expect; nor was I ever in my life so surpris'd, as when my Father told me his design.

*Isabella.* Sir, I am not less surpris'd than you, I assure you, I was not at all prepar'd for what I see now.

*Theodore.* 'Tis true, Madam, my Father cannot in the World make so fair a Choice, and I am infinitely happy to see you here; but you are the Person in the World, I would not have my Mother-in-Law; that would break my heart: Madam, I know you have apprehension enough to take what I say in the right sense, and not be offended at it.

*Gold.* You Coxcomb, what an impertinent, silly complement is this! you must be making confessions, must you?

*Isabella.* Sir, we are so much upon even-terms, that you are the Man in the World, whom I would not have my Son-in-Law; and (if I were not brought here by an absolute power,) I should have given you no shadow of suspicion.

*Gold.* She is in the right, your complement deserves no better return; I know you would anger her: I beg you Madam to forgive my Son's impertinence, he's a young Sot, that does not understand himself.

*Isabella.* What he said, was so far from offending me, that it pleased me extremely to hear him so frankly declare his opinion, and (if he had spoke in any other manner) I should have esteem'd him less.

*Gold.* You have a great deal of goodness to forgive his faults; in time he'll be wiser, and change his opinion.

*Theodore.* Sir, I can never be capable of changing, and Madam, I beg of you to believe me.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath what extravagance is this?

*Theodora.* Brother, you will provoke him too much.

[Softly.]

*Theodore.* 'Sdeath Sir, would you have me lye?

*Gold.* Again, I say, change the discourse, you Sot.

*Theodore.* Well Sir, since you command me to speak in another fashion, give me leave Madam to put my self in my Fathers place; and now Madam, I protest to you, I never yet saw so charming a Creature: This is the happiest minute of my life, indeed my life began but from the time I saw you; the Name of your Husband, is an Honour, which I would prefer to the Titles of all the Princes upon Earth; and there is nothing which I would not dare to do, for so glorious a conquest.

*Gold.* Softly, hold a little.

*Theodore.* 'Tis a complement I make for you to this Lady.

*Gold.* I have a Tongue to express my self, I need no Advocate.

*Isabella.* I am not so dull of apprehension not to know for whom that complement was intended, and am glad to find it.

[Aside:]

*Cheerily.* Sir, if you please let us take the air, I hear your Coach at the door.

*Gold.* Oh is it? but I am sorry you will make such haste, I have not time to prepare you a Collation before you go.

*Theodore.* Sir, I foresaw that, and provided beforehand upon your account, a great Dish of China Oranges, Citrons, all sorts of Sweet-meats, Limonades, Sherbets, and all sorts of Wines.

Golding.

*Golding.* [*Softly, but in anger.*] Villain, who gave you commission to do this.  
*Theodore.* Pardon me Sir, if there be not enough, I know this Lady has goodness enough to excuse it; besides, I can soon have more.

*Gold.* Is the Sot mad?

*Theodore.* Madam did you ever see a finer Stone, than that Diamond upon my Father's Finger?

*Isabella.* It sparkles delicately.

*Theodore.* With your leave Sir.

[*He takes it off his Father's Finger, and gives it Isabella.*  
 Madam be pleased to look on't nearer.

*Gold.* What means the Rascal.

[*Aside.*]

*Isabella.* It is a delicate clear Stone indeed.

[*She is going to give it Goldingham, Theodore puts himself between her and his Father.*]

*Theodore.* No Madam, no returning of it, it is in too fair hands already, it is a Present my Father makes to you Madam.

*Gold.* Who I?

*Theodore.* Is it not true, that you would have this Lady keep the Ring?

*Gold.* What do you mean you Villain, are you mad?

[*Softly.*]

*Theodore.* Madam, he desires you, by me, that you would please to accept of it.

*Gold.* The fear, she will take it, distracts me.

*Isabella.* Pardon me Sir, I use not to receive Presents.

*Theodore.* Madam, I am sure my Father will never receive it.

*Gold.* Oh this lying Rascal! you are mistaken.

*Theodore.* Look you Madam, your Refusal has made him stark distracted.

*Gold.* O this damn'd Villain!

*Theodore.* Do you not see how he frets, and fumes? for Heaven's sake Madam receive it.

*Isabella.* Well Sir, (rather than offend your Father,) I will keep it.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath, I am undone, but there is no remedy. Madam, I thank you for the favour you do me. But would they were all hang'd, and I had my Ring again.

[*Aside.*]

[*Enter Will.*]

*Will.* Sir, there's one to speak with you.

*Gold.* I am engag'd, I cannot come.

*Will.* He has brought you Money.

*Gold.* Oh has he, I ask your Pardon Madam: Remember to go backward *Will.*

[*Ex. Goldingham and Will.*]

*Theodore.* You have infinitely provoked my Father, and yet I could not but be pleased with it.

*Theodore.* I had a violent temptation upon me, that I could not resist Madam; will you do us the honour to take part of this Collation.

*Isabella.* Your humble servant Sir.

*Theodore.* Come Madam.

[*To Cheatly*]

*Cheatly.* I attend your Ladiship.

## ACT IV. SCENE IV.

*Enter Theodore, Theodora, Isabella, Cheatly.*

*Theo.* **M** Adam, you are one of the most hard-hearted Ladies that ever triumphed over man.

*Isabella.* And you the most violent Lover, that ever attack'd a woman; but this storm of love is too great to last.

*Cheatly.* Never blame this violence, 'tis the best quality a Lover can have, to my knowledge. [Softly to Isabella.]

*Theodora.* Madam, my Brother has made me his confidant in this affair, and I can answer for his truth; do not think me partial, for I assure you, I will value your interest equal with his, or with my own.

*Isabella.* You extremely oblige me with your kindness; and your friendship will be able to sweeten all misfortunes that can happen to me.

*Cheatly.* You Lovers had need have something to sweeten, for ye are an unlucky sort of people.

*Theodore.* Love, when inclinations meet, is the only condition to be enjoy'd. Love! there is no life without it; we do but sleep, and dream we live, when we are not in love; and pray Madam, will you be pleased to wake out of this dream, and think a little of one that loves you so, that his life or death depends upon your breath.

*Isabella.* You let me take no breath, Sir.

*Theodore.* A good Soldier, when he has made a breach, assaults it presently; and never gives time to repair, and fortifie.

*Isabella.* But extemporary love, is most commonly as Hypocritical, as extemporary Prayer: But if not dissembled, 'tis seldom constant.

*Theodore.* Let me beg to know your resolutions, must I live or die?

*Cheatly.* Come Madam, be merciful, and reprieve the Gentleman, that may be otherwise so far given over, as to hang himself for your Ladyships love.

*Theodora.* Let me beg you will please to encourage my Brothers affection, which I am sure is true, and honourable.

*Isabella.* Madam, think your self in my place, and imagine whether I have not given too much encouragement for the first time; and whether it becomes my honour to give more.

*Theodore.* Pox o' this canting word Honour, it never did good yet, it is often the occasion of Killing men, and prevents the getting of 'em. [Aside.]

(To Isabella.) Madam, there is no honour but in love, the rest is but a shadow of honour; which the Authors of Romances have perplexed with intricacies, more than the Schoolmen have Divinity.

*Isabella.* You give me no time to think of love.

*Theodore.*



*Theodore.* I that have so little time, ought to make what use I can of this; if my Father perceives this, he will, with all the malice that can be, seek to prevent me.

*Isabella.* But, Sir, I have a Mother (whom yet I never disobey'd) that hath engag'd her self to your Father; and though I confess I can never think of marrying him, yet I must think of no other without her consent.

*Theodore.* This is you that made that engagement, I thank you, a Plague of all Match-makers; but I must make use of her yet, and not undeceive [Aside.]

*Isabella* in the Character of her.

*Cheatly.* Sir, I did not know you had a passion here, but I will make you amends: if I can marry her to *Theodore*, he's liberal, and will reward [Aside.] me well; but his Father is the most hidebound Fellow — he has the Villany of fifty *Jews*, and, which is more, of ten *London* Brokers, in him.

*Theodore.* Madam, let me have but some assurance, not to have your unkindness, and all other oppositions in the world are trifles.

*Cheatly.* Come Mrs. *Isabella*, hold off no longer; in short, you told me you loved this Gentleman violently, and wish'd he were captivated with you; you did not wish it, that you might use him ill; therefore, since 'tis your inclination, dissemble no longer: Here's the Gentleman, take him by the hand, he is your own *ipso facto*, he's a proper Gentleman, make much of him; here he is for you, and there's the short and the long on't. Now Mr. *Theodore*, I think I have made you amends.

*Theodore.* Can I believe so great a happiness, I am so transported, Madam, you must expect no sense from me.

*Isabella.* Sir, since she has betray'd my weakness, which she for her Sex sake ought to have concealed, and I ought in modesty not to have told you, pardon my easiness, and think me not guilty of levity, if you do, you will be very unjust to censure one that esteems you so well.

*Theodore.* Should I as soon censure heaven for granting my Prayers; I have not words enough to tell you, how welcom this minute is to me.

*Theodore.* Now I hope you will do me the honour to let me call you Sister.

*Isabella.* I shall be proud to be call'd so by you; but I cannot be so till my Mother consents.

*Theodore.* Shall I have your leave, Madam, to use all the means I can to procure her consent?

*Isabella.* I freely give you leave to do and say what ever you can to obtain it; but I believe you will find it hard to break off her engagement with your Father.

*Cheatly.* Now comes my part, to set my brains at work, I'll shew you the mastery of my Art, and make your Father break off first.

*Theodore.* It is impossible he should be such a wretch, as willingly to quit so great a Prize.

*Cheatly.* I warrant you, trust me, there is one of my acquaintance who I will persuade him is worth 300*l.* more than this Lady; and though, Madam, he loves you very much, yet he loves a little money much more: This friend of mine is but a Taylors Daughter, but I will make her act a Countess with some  
odd

odd Title; and she can behave her self as proudly and stately, as the best of 'em, I will make him believe that she has a very great mind to marry him for his care and thrift, &c. This may make him release my Lady of her engagement.

*Theodore.* I think you have reason.

*Cheatly.* Reason ay, I think so; if I han't, who should have it? alas, I have done things that shall be nameless, that no woman of Intrigue but my self has been capable of, though I say it; and if I do not bring this about, I will never pretend to an Intrigue again.

*Theodore.* You will infinitely oblige me.

[Enter Isabella's Foot-Boy.]

*Foot-boy.* Madam, my Lady your Mother desires your company instantly.

*Isabella.* I wait on her. Madam, if possible I wait on you at Supper.

*Theodora.* I hope your affairs will permit you to do us that honour.

*Theodore.* Let me have the honour to wait upon you to your Mother; and be pleas'd to make me so happy, as to assist me in perswading her to break off the Engagement with my Father.

*Isabella.* A man of your deserts needs no Advocate with me, I am sure. Madam, your humble Servant: Your Servant Mrs. Cheatly.

[Exit Theodore, Isabella, and Foot-boy.]

*Cheatly.* Now Madam I have something to impart to your Ladyships Privacy.

*Theodora.* To me, what is it?

*Cheatly.* Your Ladyship is very young, and mighty Pretty, really I have never seen so charming an Eye, so delicate an air in any Face, so excellent, such pleasant motion, and so bewitching a way —

*Theodora.* Pray Madam do't railly me at this rate —

*Cheatly.* I protest Madam I speak my opinion. Now Madam there is an acquaintance of mine is extreamly taken with your Ladyship; he is one of the handsomest and most accomplish'd Sparks in Town: He has fifteen hundred Pound a year, and his love is honourable too; now if your Ladyship will be pleas'd to walk in *Grays-Inn* Walks with me, I will design it so that you shall see him, and he shall never know on't.

*Theodora.* I ask your pardon, I have no thoughts of putting my self off to Sale; but when I have, that Mart is too scandalous.

*Cheatly.* In the *Mulberry-Garden*, then Madam he shall never know of it; I vow the poor Gentleman is ready to die for your Ladyship.

*Theodora.* You must excuse me.

*Cheatly.* In *Coom-Garden Church*, will you see him? I'll order it so with him that keeps the Gallery, that you shall both set together there.

*Theodora.* I assure you, I carry no such thoughts about me to Church.

[Enter Robin.]

*Robin.* Mrs. Cheatly, your Daughter has urgent business with you, and desires you to come home immediately; I find Mr. Squeeze is there privately.

*Cheatly.* I thank you dear Robin. Madam, I hope to convince you next time I see you; in the interim I kiss your Ladyships hand.

*Theo.*

*Theodora.* Your Servant.

[*Ex. Cheatly and Robin.*]

(*To her self.*) This woman I fear is a little scandalously given, I will not trust her.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Bell.* Oh Madam, I have been seeking you at the *Park* and the *Mulberry-Garden*; and thought it an Age till I saw you.

*Theodora.* What's the matter? you look as if you had some ill news for me.

*Bell.* I am sorry I must tell you, that which we must speedily provide against. Your Father has prepared an Entertainment, and will have a *Hackney Parson* ready, that will venture all his Preferment, and go against the Canonical Hour, to marry you this night to that Rascal *Timothy*: and in spite of all my persuasion, your Father is resolv'd on't.

*Theodora.* How sudden are these Resolutions? I shall not need to counterfeit Sickness, I shall have enough when I see him.

*Bell.* Be pleas'd suddenly to make use of that Artifice; and if that prevents not, I hope you will give me leave to own my person, and my love.

*Theodora.* What disease must I make choice of now?

*Bell.* Here's one comes to help you to one.

[*Enter Timothy very drunk.*]

*Timothy sings.* { *Diseases and Troubles are ne're to be found,*  
                              { *But in the damn'd place where the Glass goes not round.*

*Bell.* This is lucky, above my wishes; he is very drunk, and that will certainly defeat your Fathers intention; this night, if you dare trust your self with him, I'll bring your Father to see him in this condition. [*Ex. Bellamour.*]

*Theodora.* Pray do, it will do very well.

*Tim.* Oh dear Mistress, have I found you! let me Salute you, de' see?

*Theodora.* Hold Sir.

*Tim.* Nay prethee Mrs. *Thea* don't be so coy, look what I have brought you here; here's a Bottle of *Campaigne*, I think they call it, and almost a whole Neats-Tongue, and a power of Sweet-Meats, for you dear Mrs. *Thea*, there they are.

*Theodora.* This Fellow has that advantage by nature, that not drunkenness, nor any condition, can make him worse. [*Asks.*]

*Tim.* Well Mrs. *Thea*, I have been with the fine<sup>st</sup> Ladies, and the merriest Gentlemen; we did rant, and roar, and sing, and tear, Hey, *Diseases and Troubles are, &c.* Faith I am as drunk as a Drum, or as the driven Snow, or as *David's Sow*, as the saying is, de' see? Hey, *fa la la la*, prethee dear Mrs. *Thea* let me kiss thee now, nay prethee do, nay shaw poise on't.

*Theodora.* Be not so passionate good Sir. [*She thrusts him almost down.*]

*Tim.* Nay peuh, I can't abide this, you might have given one a-kiss now, would I might ne're stir; but 'tis no matter for that, I'll drink six go-downs upon reputation in *Campaigne* to your health, de' see? I can be merry when I set on't: I faith here's your health upon my knees, de' understand me? Oh if I had but Fiddles to play a health now. [*He drinks upon his knees.*]

[*Enter*



[Enter Goldingham and Bellamour.]

Bell. Do you see Sir how abominably drunk he is?

Gold. He is a little in Beer, he is; he is disguis'd, that's the truth on't.

Tim. There Mrs. Thea I have done it, faith you shall pledge me by word of mouth; de' see, nay fack I am sound, you may drink after me, de' conceive me?

Bell. You see Sir he is too drunk to be Married to night.

Gold. Come come, he's the fitter for't, for being drunk, if he be sober, he may repent him, and ask a Portion: stay here, I will fetch a Parson immediately.

[Ex. Goldingham.]

Bell. This is worfe and worfe, Madam did you hear him?

Theodora. Yes to my grief, I must into my Chamber, and be very sick.

[She offers to go.]

Tim. Nay, if you stir I am a Rogue, a very Rogue, de' see? we'l be very merry, Diseases and Troubles, &c.

Bell. Who taught you this insolence? unhand her.

Tim. Why you saucy Fellow you, what's to do with you? Ha, you are so purdy.

[Exeunt Bellamour and Theodora.]

[Enter Rant, and Will, Goldingham's Man.]

Will. Where's Mr. Timothy Squeeze.

Rant. 'Slife, what makes this Rascal here? if I do not carry him off, I lose the hopefulest Bubble in Christendom.

Tim. Where's Mrs. Thea, Mrs. Thea?

Rant. Mr. Timothy come along with me, Mrs. Joyce is impatient till she sees you.

[Enter Bellamour.]

Tim. I'll not stir till I see Mrs. Thea, where's Mrs. Thea? Hey, hey.

Bell. She says you are a drunken Rascal, and she will have you kick'd out.

Tim. Does she so? would I might ne're stir if I do not do her Errand to her Father.

Rant. Come away and leave her: Mrs. Joyce is a Person of Quality, and Fortune, and will use you with more civility.

Tim. I know she's a fine Person, and I'll wait on her, but I am resolv'd to stay till Mr. Goldingham comes, that I may tell him of this Gilsirt his Daughter.

Rant. Nay then, I must to my last shift; Bayliffs come in.

[Softly.]

[Enter three counterfeit Bayliffs.]

Bayliff. I Arrest you, at the Suit of Humphrey Nit a Barber.

Tim. Sirrah, you lie like a Rogue, I owe him not a farthing.

Bayliff. No Sir, but you did *vi & armis* break, or cause to be broken a very late Window, where he us'd to expose his Flaxen Periwigs.

Rant. Is that all? I'll Bail him for that —

Tim. Will you? nay then I'll break 'em again, I'll break Windows with e're a Gentleman that wears a Head.

Bayliff. Come come and talk of these things in another place.

Tim. Ay with all my heart, Diseases and Troubles, &c. What a pox care I, come.

[Exeunt all but Bellamour.]

Bell. This is a lucky Fellow that came in to our rescue.

[Enter

[Enter Theodore.]

*Theodore.* Dear Brother, I am glad I have found you, I have a design, and upon my Father too, in which I am confident you will join.

*Bell.*— You may be sure to command me in any thing.

*Theodore.* I know some may blame me, but love excuses all.

*Bell.* Love, like the Crown, takes away all Attainders.

*Theodore.* My design is to work so upon my Fathers covetousness, as to draw him into a Plot against the Government; and he is you know, a mighty well wisher to the damn'd good old Cause, yet.

*Bell.* This will be dangerous tampering with; how can you draw him into one, without being guilty your self?

*Theodore.* It shall be but a seeming Plot, you may be sure; I would not engage my self in a real one; 'tis only a design to invert the order of nature for a while, and keep my Father in awe.

*Bell.* How can you contrive it?

*Theodore.* I have several great Chests almost full of Lumber, but cover'd on the top with a great many fine Arms, here he comes, I have not time to tell you the rest; but pray second me, in what I shall say to him.

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Bell.* I'll not examine your design, but serve you.

*Gold.* Have you the confidence to appear before me, after your giving my Ring away, and sending for those mountains of Sweet-Meats, and that Ocean of Wine and Limonades?

*Theodore.* I humbly beg your pardon; but I thought I had done well, since you commanded me to shew all the respect imaginable to my intended Mother-in-Law.

*Gold.* Respect with a pox, de' call it?

*Theodore.* I beseech you be not angry, I'll get your Ring again for you, and put you in a way to get forty Guinea's this night, but I must be very private in it.

*Gold.* How! can you do that? then I will forgive all your extravagance; but how is it? speak, you may trust *Bellamour*.

*Theodore.* Sir, there is one that was my School-fellow, that I am very well acquainted with, that is called a *Phanatick* according to the flesh; he (after he had made me take an Oath of Secrecy, told me of a design his Brethren had, who (out of pure Zeal against *Surplice* and *Common-Prayer-Book*) were resolved upon an Insurrection, and to seize in one night upon *Whitehall* and the *Exchequer*.

*Gold.* What say you?

*Theodore.* They have accordingly provided Arms and Ammunition, which they dispose of in Packs of Goods, to their secret Friends, and Well-wishers, for which they reward them liberally.

*Gold.* What can this come to?

[Aside.]

*Theodore.* He remembring that (when we were Boys together) I had shewn him a secret Vault in the Garden, that is known but to few, propounded to me the concealing six Chests of Armour there, and promised forty Guinea's, and

an Oath of Secrecy; this Sir you may chuse, whether you will accept of or no, but I thought I was obliged in Duty to tell you, knowing you take all occasions whatsoever for the getting of Money.

*Gold.* I got a good part of my Estate by Rebellion (as many other Estates were raised) but I would be loath to lose it by Rebellion again. [*Aside.*]

*Theodore.* There is no danger, we will all take Oaths of Secrecy.

*Bell.* Ready Money, Sir, is not to be despised, 'tis a precious thing.

*Gold.* There spoke an Angel.

*Bell.* Besides Sir, if the Chest should be discover'd, (which will be almost impossible) some of your Swearers in Ordinary shall testify you took 'em in Pawn.

*Gold.* The Money is sweet, but the attempt is [*Aside*] dangerous; hold to *Theodore.* Now Sir, I am glad you have put me in a way to be revenged of you for all your Villanies; I will immediately acquaint the King with your Treason, and you shall be hang'd.

*Bell.* For Heaven's sake, betray not your own Son.

*Gold.* My Loyalty is dearer to me than Son and Daughter, and all the Relations in the World; I will hang him, I'll to the King immediately.

*Theodore.* I am at your disposal Sir, but be pleased to remember I did this for your advantage, and out of love and duty to you.

*Gold.* No Sir, I will hang you, never speak on't; farewell, shall I betray my Country?

*Theodore.* Hold Sir, for Heaven's sake conceal it, I will return the twenty Guinea's he gave in earnest; here they are, I will go and give 'em him immediately.

*Gold.* Did he give you twenty Guinea's, hum?

*Theodore.* Yes Sir, and promised twenty more at the delivery of the Chests.

*Gold.* Forty Guinea's is a most delicious Sum, where are they? let me see them.

*Theodore.* Here they are Sir; but I beseech you be not angry; I will carry them immediately.

*Gold.* Hold, it may be there's no necessity of that — I would hang this Rogue; but forty Guinea's, dear forty Guinea's. [*Aside.*]

*Bell.* He comes on a pace.

[*To Theodore.*]

*Theodore.* Sir, I will by no means offend you with the sight of 'em, I am gone.

*Gold.* Stay I say, and let me see them

*Theodore.* I am afraid it will provoke you to talk any more of this business; do not be offended, I will return them instantly.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath Sir, I will see them.

[*He lays hold on Theodore.*]

*Theodore.* There they are Sir.

*Bell.* Oh Sir, how I could hug that Gold.

*Gold.* Ay *Bellamour*, does it not look beautifully? they talk of the beauty of Women; but give me the beauty of Gold, Oh dear, dear, sweet Gold.

[*Kisses the Gold.*]

*Theodore.* Shall I return 'em Sir?

*Gold.* No Sir, you shall not; Oh dear, dear Guinea's, are we all secret?

[*He kisses them again.*]

*Bellamour.* } We are.  
*Theodore.* }

*Gold.*



*Gold.* Swear never to reveal this.

*Bellamour.* } We do Swear.  
*Theodore.* }

*Gold.* Well Son, your importunity at last has overcome me, when shall these Arms be delivered?

*Theodore.* This night at ten a Clock.

*Gold.* Do you *Bellamour* see it done, and take his Oath of Secrecy. But I had forgot, where is Mr. *Timothy*? the Parson is ready in the Parlour.

*Bell.* He was Arrested here by Bayliffs, for breaking Windows when he was drunk, who have hurried him I know not whither.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath how unlucky is this! send immediately to all the Bayliffs hereabouts, to find him out; go *Bellamour*.

*Theodore.* Pox on't, I might have saved Money, he would have consented to have betray'd his Country for half the Sum; and so will any covetous Man, that can do it safely.

[*Exeunt Theodore and Bellamour.*]

[*Enter at another Door Cheatly.*]

*Cheatly.* Sir, I am very glad I have taken you alone; I have a secret to impart to you.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath she's come to borrow Money of me.

[*Aside.*]

*Cheatly.* Though it may be to no purpose, I think it my duty to acquaint you, that I have since I parted with you discovered a Countess that is not above thirty, that is extreemly in love with you for your Person, besides your care and thrift, which she says to me, would be very useful to her in the management and improving of her Fortune, she has Five hundred Pounds more than *Isabella*.

*Gold.* What you are merry, Mrs. *Cheatly*?

*Cheatly.* Nay Sir, if you distrust me, there's no hurt done; I did not think you would embrace the offer; but I thought myself bound to discharge my trust, for the truth is, she engaged me (though something unwilling) to use my care in this business.

*Gold.* Why, sure thou art not in earnest?

*Cheatly.* If ever you were (when you said your Prayers) I am.

*Gold.* There must be something in this.

[*To himself.*]

This is strange Mrs. *Cheatly*.

*Cheatly.* You may chuse whether you will believe me or no, for my part I don't desire you should change; for I think if there be any difference, Mrs. *Isabella* is something more desirable.

*Gold.* Good faith, but if this be true, she is not more desirable, Fifty Pounds is a noble Sum, and more than any Womans Person is worth: for my part Fifty Pounds with me would turn the balance, were there ne're so much difference in their Persons. But who is this?

*Cheatly.* You must not know, till you see her.

*Gold.* Can all this be true thou tell'st me?

*Cheatly.* If I make it not good, I'll forfeit my life; but I'll take my leave now, I have done my errand; but truly Sir, I think you ought not in honour to quit *Isabella*.

*Gold.* In good faith but I ought, I take it ; Honour ! quoth she ; lose Five hundred Pounds in Honour ! what a Pox care I for their Persons in comparison with Money ?

*Cheatly.* I am a little in haste, but I beseech you let not Mrs. *Isabella* know of this, she will be distracted.

*Gold.* Hold a little, it was unlucky we did not know of this before you brought *Isabella* acquainted with my Daughter, I shall be troubled with her : but canst thou oblige me to contrive an interview between the Countess and me ?

*Cheatly.* Ay and a Marriage too, if I would ; but really I think you are too far engaged to *Isabella*.

*Gold.* Engag'd, I am not engag'd, I will have nothing to do with her ; I will forbid her my House.

[Enter a Foot-Boy.]

*Foot-Boy.* Is Mrs. *Theodora* here ?

*Gold.* What would you have with her ?

*Foot-Boy.* Mrs. *Isabella* presents her service to her, and says she cannot possibly wait on her at Supper.

*Gold.* 'Tis very well, 'tis no matter whether she does or no, go get thee about thy business Lad ; go go. This is very lucky : Mrs. *Cheatly* you'll Sup here.

[Ex. Foot-Boy.]

*Cheatly.* Sir, I must go home first. Your Servant. This will be joyful news for the two Lovers.

[To her self.]

[Enter William.]

*Will.* Sir here's a Porter come from Mr. *Squeeze*, who says he is engaged upon extraordinary business, and cannot Sup here to-night.

*Gold.* The Devil take thee for thy news.

[Enter Roger.]

*Roger.* Mr. *Timothy* was at the *Rose* Sir, under an Arrest, but was Bail'd by Mr. *Rant* and Mr. *Hizard* ; and is gone along with them we know not whither.

*Gold.* All my designs are crossed this night, here's my Supper lost, and I have not given one this dozen years before, but I'll make these Rogues fast this Month for't ; begon Rogues, and call my Son : Oh here he is.

[Ex. William and Roger.]

[Enter Theodore.]

Son I have something to say to you of concernment, pray (now we are alone) speak freely, how do you like this *Isabella* ? (setting aside the name of a Mother-in-Law.)

*Theodore.* I like her, what does he mean ?

[Aside.]

*Gold.* Yes, her Air ! her Shape ! her Beauty ! her Wit.

*Theodore.* Faith Sir (to speak the truth) she is not what she appear'd to me, she has no Air or Spirit in her Face, her Shape's very indifferent, her Motion awkward, and her Wit little or none, but I like her well enough for a Mother-in-Law.

*Gold.* You talked at another rate to her to day.

*Theodore.* I only made some few complements to her in your name, I meant not one of 'em, I assure you.

*Gold.*

*Gold.* Do you think you could have no kind of inclination for such a kind of woman?

*Theodore.* No not I Sir, if there were none but such women, I should be out of danger of Gun Shot.

*Gold.* I am sorry to find this, because it breaks a resolution I had made: I had reflected with my self upon *Isabella's* youth and my age; which are so disproportionable, that I have made choice of another, a Countess too of about thirty years old, that's worth five hundred Pounds more than she.

*Theodore.* How has *Cheatly* wheedled him already! I'll try him further: Sure Sir you cannot be in earnest.

*Gold.* By Heaven I am, and (but for this aversion I find in you) I would have married *Isabella* to you.

*Theodore.* To me Sir?

*Gold.* Yes, to you.

*Theodore.* 'Tis a thing I must confess I have no inclination in the world to; but I will obey your commands in any thing.

*Gold.* No no, mistake me not, I'll not force your inclination.

*Theodore.* Sir, I am easily inclined to any thing you please to impose upon me.

*Gold.* No Sir, I will impose nothing; those Marriages can never be happy where affections do not meet.

*Theodore.* I'll sacrifice my affection to interest, and your commands.

*Gold.* No no, if you had loved her, you should have married her in my stead; but (since you have such an aversion) I'll follow my first design, and marry her my self.

*Theodore.* Then Sir I must speak freely to you, I love her infinitely, and designed to ask your consent at the same time you declared your intention to marry her your self, and you might easily have perceived how that declaration surprised me.

*Gold.* 'Tis very well, and did you ever reveal your love to her?

*Theodore.* I have Sir, and she received it very kindly; and her Mother too, if you will quit her of her engagement, will freely dispose of her to me.

*Gold.* And has the Daughter consented to this, say you?

*Theodore.* She has Sir, and I am extremely happy that you are pleased to give your consent; nothing else could be wanting to compleat my happiness.

*Gold.* I will give you my consent to hang your self, but not to marry her, I assure you.

*Theodore.* How's this?

*Gold.* 'Slife I had been finely serv'd, to have been bob'd of my Mistress, for a story of a Countess of I know not what, this was a fine conspiracy. [*Aside.*]

*Theodore.* Sir, You are very mystical, pray let me understand you.

*Gold.* I speak plainly: Do not dare once to think of loving this Lady: Have you the impudence to pretend to one whom I reserve for my self?

*Theodore.* This makes me mad. Sir, since you provoke me thus, I do pretend to her, and will never quit those pretensions but with my life.

*Gold.* Impudent Villain! to speak thus to your Father.

*Theo-*



*Theodore.* In other things I respect you as my Father, but Love knows no body.

*Gold.* I will make you know me, or I'll cut your throat.

*Theodore.* A lover, and afraid of threats?

*Gold.* And shall I that am a lover endure this insolence?

*Theodore.* I will not make use of my plot yet, things are not ripe.

*Gold.* Out of my doors you Rascal.

*Theodore.* Fare you well Sir.

[Exit Theodore.]

*Gold.* This design was well scaped; but I'll watch your waters I warrant you.

[Exit Goldingham.]

[Squeeze, Lettice, and Cheatly.]

*Squeeze.* My dear, I doubt not thy constancy, so pretty a creature cannot be false to one that loves her as I do.

*Lettice.* Indeed I can think of no body but you; the thoughts of you are the last that leave me at night, and the first that salute me in the morning.

*Cheat.* I am sure I am sufficiently troubled with her, she talks and thinks of nothing but you; if I ask her a question about business, she answers me something about you, and is so out of humour when you are absent.

I hear some body knock.

[Knocking at the door.]

Exit Cheatly.

*Squeeze.* Alas poor thing! my dear pretty Lettice!

*Lettice.* My dear Mr. Squeeze, I can find no satisfaction but in thy conversation, 'tis so charming and pleasant.

[She stroaks his Cheeks.]

*Squeeze.* Thou art the rarest Woman upon earth. Let me kiss thy hand upon my knees; [He kneels.] I know thou lovest me, and art true to me, for which I'll reward thee to the full: There's ne're a one of 'em all shall keep his Mistress better than I do; go to the Goldsmiths, and chuse a hundred pounds worth of Plate, I'll send money for't by an unknown hand.

*Lettice.* Alas how can I deserve it? I can return nothing but my thanks, nor can I desire any thing from you but your constancy.

[Aside, upon these Terms.]

*Squeeze.* I will be as constant to thee, as the Sun and Moon are to their courses.

*Lettice.* But I shall have you get a young Wife, and forget me.

*Squeeze.* If I should marry, my Dear, it should be for money, that I might spare the more for thee: besides, what married man loves not his Mistress better than if he were single; a Wife is but a soyl to a Mistress.

*Lettice.* 'Tis true, this is the fashionable opinion, but you would be of another mind I fear.

*Squeeze.* Prethee believe me, if I had a Wife, thou shouldst have power to turn her out of doors at thy pleasure, thou shouldst ride in my Glass Coach when she took a Hackney; thou shouldst have my purse, my heart, and every thing: are Wives to be compar'd to Mistresses, that would be a fine age i faith.

*Lettice.* This is extream kind, you are a good man: I could never endure that a Wife should share affection with me, especially from thee my Dear.

[She stroaks him on the Head.]

Squeeze.

*Squeeze.* Nay, prethee my Dear, do not stroak my head, 'tis bald, but 'tis not with age, for I am not above eight and thirty, but the Hair came off with a sickness,

*Lettice.* 'Tis no matter, I like it, I hate them that wear much hair upon their heads, 'tis greazy, and smells ill; but this is so sweet, and clean, and pretty, I could kiss it now.

[Enter Cheatly.]

*Cheatly.* Oh Daughter, here has been the young Knight you know of; he was so importunate to see you, I thought I should never have got rid of him.

*Squeeze.* What's that, pray let me know?

*Lettice.* Nothing Sir.

*Squeeze.* Prethee my Dear tell me.

*Lettice.* Pray Sir do not ask, it signifies nothing.

*Squeeze.* I shall take it unkindly if you do not tell me.

*Lettice.* Nay, there is nothing I can keep from you: The truth is, my Taylor came to dun me, but the Rascal shall stay I warrant him.

*Squeeze.* How much is the Debt?

*Cheatly.* Twenty pounds.

*Squeeze.* As I am an honest man, but he shall not stay, here's the money, give it him immediately.

[Enter a Servant of Cheatly's.]

*Servant.* Sir Jeffery Smelfmock is coming up to see Mistress Lettice; she was denied below, but he would not be answered.

*Cheatly.* Oh heaven! we are undone, if I stop him not.

[Ex. Cheatly and Servant.]

*Squeeze.* What's the matter, is it another Dun? Prethee have comfort, I'll send thee fifty Pounds to morrow morning to discharge all little Driblets.

*Lettice.* I could not expect this from you.

[Enter Cheatly.]

*Cheatly* to *Lettice*, softly. I have got ride of Sir Jeffery, much ado! Well, this Mercer's a sawcy fellow, here's a stir for a little money indeed!

*Lettice.* Hang him Rascal, he shall not have it these six months for his insolence, and I'll have him kick'd besides.

*Servant within.* Sir, I tell you she is not within.

*Bully within.* Hold your tongue you insolent Rascal! I'll break open the door. Where's Lettice? Where is your Ladyship? Let me in, or by Heaven I'll break the door.

*Lettice.* For heaven's sake Sir get into the Closet till I get rid of this roaring fellow, I know not who it is.

*Squeeze.* Ay with all my heart, where is it? I tremble every joynt of me.

*Bully.* What Madam, your Ladyship is grown coy, and deny your self: [Bully bounces and breaks open the Door, and enters.] What you do this for an old Rascal they say that keeps you; If I can learn his name, or catch him here once, I'll cut off his Ears, and his Nose, both his Arms, and both his Legs, I will mangle the old Dog so.

*Squeeze.*

*Squeeze.* Oh defend me heaven from this roaring *Bully*, he puts me in a cold sweat.

*Lettice.* Let me beg of you to go into another Room, and I'll satisfy you.

*Bully.* Come on, now you are civil.

[Exit Bully and Lettice.]

*Cheatly.* Would this *Bully* were hang'd, he'll ruine my Daughter. Come *Mr. Squeeze*, all's clear, come out.

*Squeeze.* Is he gone, he has put me in a dreadful fright; this was a Dragon of a *Bully*.

*Cheatly.* You see Sir what she suffers for your sake, because she will not yield to the temptations of men.

*Squeeze.* Ay poor heart, but whither is she gone? Pray heaven she be true to me.

[Aside.]

*Cheatly.* She must give him fair words till she gets him out, and then she'll wait on you.

*Squeeze.* Oh me! where is she? She stays long, pray heaven all be well.

*Cheatly.* What is this Girl doing?

[To her self.]

*Squeeze.* Gad forgive me, will she never come, what is the matter? I am afraid the *Bully* is not gone.

*Cheatly.* Why *Lettice*, will you never come?

*Squeeze.* I hope in Gad she's honest, but I do not like this.

[Enter Lettice.]

*Cheatly.* Oh fie upon you, you have been naught with this *Bully*, look how you are Ruffled?

*Lettice.* Mum, not a word, I have sent him away much ado, I'll have him clap'd by the heels if he comes to affront me again like an insolent Fellow as he is.

*Squeeze.* Heaven, what noise is that there? { A noise without of singing and there are more roaring *Bullies* abroad. Let { roaring, and Fiddlers.  
us retire quickly to bed, and bolt the door upon our selves, my dear *Lettice*; quickly *Mrs. Cheatly* bar the doors of the house.

[Exeunt Cheatly, Lettice, and Squeeze.]

*Rant, Hazard, Tim. with a Sword, two Servants, and Fiddlers playing,*  
*they singing and roaring, Drunk, breaking Windows.*

*Tim.* Hey let's break windows in abundance.

*Haz.* Ah brave *Timothy*, thou art as gallant a *Bully* as a man shall see in a Summers day.

*Tim.* Here's the Constable, don't you use to beat him always when you see him?

*Haz.* Yes, and will now.

*Constab.* Stand in the King's Name.

*Tim.* I can stand in ne're a King's name in Christendom, but we will beat you in the King's name very exceedingly.

*Constab.* Knock 'em down, fall on Fellows of the Watch.

*Rant.*



**Rant.** Have at you Rogues that disturb the King's Peace, and will not let honest fellows give Serenades, and break Windows in quiet, have at ye.

[*They fight, the Constable and Watchmen are driven up into a corner.*]

**Tim.** Hey, have we conquer'd you ye Rogues? Lay down your Arms.

**Rant.** Lay down your Weapons, or we'll cut your throats.

**Constab.** Well Sir, 'tis done.

[*They lay down their Halberts.*]

**Haz.** Do you mutiny ye Rogues against *Bully Rocks*, your Commanders?

**Rant.** Are you offended at the noise of Fiddles? Strike up, and sound an alarm in the ears of 'em.

**Haz.** Come Rogues, here are just eight of you; either dance to these fiddles, or we will slice you into steaks.

[*They play with their Fiddles at their ears.*]

**Constab.** Ha ha, come fellows of the watch, we'll please them for once, they are very merry Gentlemen I sack.

**Rant.** 'Tis very well done, there's a Crown to drink for you: I, like *Julius Caesar*, am generous to foes o'recome.

**Haz.** Here's another for you to make ye as drunk as we are.

**Tim.** And I'll be outdone by no man, there's a Broad Piece for you, now I have beaten you.

**Rant.** He's plaguy liberal of our money. Stay watch, and be our guard.

**Constab.** We thank ye Gentlemen, and will live and dye with ye.

**Haz.** Strike up here, faith we'll see *Letrice* before we have done: *Cheatly* open the door.

[*They play.*]

*Cheatly* within. We are all abed: What Ruffians are those?

**Tim.** Bounce at the door, break the Windows, hey. [*They bounce at the Doors.*]

[*Squeeze at the Window, in his Cap, and undressed.*]

**Squeeze.** Heart! If I be discovered in this condition I am ruined for ever, my credit in the City will be quite lost: Heaven! they have almost broke the door, I must venture to escape at this window.

[*He leaps down.*]

Death! I have broke my bones; oh, oh!

**Constable.** How now, what noise is that?

**Rant.** Some body leaped out of a window: let's see what old Rogue's this.

**Tim.** Ay, what old Rogue's this, ha?

**Squeeze.** I was frighten'd out of my Lodging by these Roaring Blades, and I thought to have escaped out of a window.

**Constable.** Speak to me, I represent the King's Person, who are you? What make you here?

**Tim.** Hang him, take him away to the Round-House.

**Squeeze.** My Son here drunk with *Bullies*! then all my shame comes together.

**Constable.** What's here, he has been in bed with a woman, and for haste has mistaken a red silk Stocking of hers for his own.

**Hazard.** 'Tis true, away with him, an old whoring Rogue.

**Tim.** Ay away with him, an old Rogue, in bed with a Whore! away with him, away with him.

*Constable.* We must secure the Woman too.

*Rant.* We'll secure her, carry him away.

*Squeeze.* What a dreadful mistake was this, I am for ever undone, I am for ever ruined, what shall I do? [Ex. *Constable and Watch with Squeeze.*]

*Hazard.* If you will *Rant*, let's first give *Isabella* a Serenade, and then come hither again. It will be time too, to bring our bubble to *Mrs. Foyce* again.

*Rant.* Come along *Fiddle's*, strike up.

*Haz.* Rank your selves here, strike up, and put out the lights that we may not be discover'd. [They go off, and come in at another door.]

[Enter *Theodore* and *Robin*.]

*Rant.* Fair *Isabella*, sweet *Isabella*! look out and shine upon your Servants.

*Theodore.* How now, what Rascals are these: *Robin* fall on.

*Haz.* Are you so brisk?

*Bell.* This must be *Theodore* and his man that are engaged, I parted from 'em but just now. [They fight, and *Theodore* is driven back: Enter *Bellamour* and joins with *Theodore*, and they beat the other off the Stage.]

*Tim.* Fly, shift for your selves, the day is lost.

*Theodore.* Who's this that is so kind to draw his Sword for us? My dear Brother, is it you? A thousand thanks to you.

*Bell.* No words, but let's pursue the Rogues.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

[Enter *Theodore*, *Bellamour*.]

*Theodore.* I Wonder who those Fellows were we rancounter'd last night.

*Bell.* Very active nimble Youths, they ran like *Irish* Footmen.

*Theo.* If we had catch'd 'em, we would have paid 'em for scouring under that Window: But now I can think of nothing else but Love. Revenge has given place to that. Yester-night I got a promise from my Mistress, and am within this hour to meet her, and marry her privately in the City; this day will make me richer than the *Indies* can.

*Bell.* I congratulate your good Fortune, but cannot envy any man, since I am happy in my *Theodora's* love

[Enter *Roger* with a Letter.]

*Roger.* Here's a Letter Mr. *Bellamour* came by the Post for you.

*Bell.* For me!

[He reads it, and seems astonished.]

*Theodore.* What is it that disturbs you?

*Bell.* News that nothing could make tollerable to me, but that it puts me into a condition of serving my *Theodora* better than I could before.

*Theodore.* How's that?

*Bell.*

*Bell.* My Father has been dead these nine months, and died without a Will; my younger Brother is at present possess'd of the Estate, and has inhumanly put my Mother and Sister out of the house, who live privately in this Town, somewhere about *Covent-Garden*. This account I have received from my man, who is hasting up to Town to me.

*Theodore.* In good faith such news would break a mans heart; but pray bear it with a manly fortitude; if my Father should knock off, I could have no other remedy.

*Bell.* I have now no time to railly with you, I'll to my dear *Theodora*, and hope to get her into so good a humour, that we shall not be long after you in Marriage: Adieu.

*Ex. Bellamour.]*

*Theodore.* What ever you are in that, I am sure you are before hand with me in the death of a Father. How now Bullies, are you up so early? Sure you have lain rough, or have not slept to night.

*[Enter Rant and Hazard.]*

*Rant.* How now Lover that are, and Whore-master that was, you are full of your bobs.

*Haz.* What, I warrant you, you are got up early to write a fashionable *Sonnet*, without sense, upon the Divine *Isabella*.

*Rant.* How many Stars, Moons, Suns, Alablasters, Roses, Pearls, and Rubies, have you made use of for similies?

*Haz.* Come, præthee communicate, let's see the labour of thy Muse.

*Theodore.* As I live, drunk still: But, Gentlemen, I hate the name of a Muse, as I do that of a Baud; were I a Poet, I would invoke *Creswell* or *Gifford* before any Muse in Christendom.

*Haz.* Faith, thou art in the right, for they two can supply our necessities better than all the nine Muses.

*Rant.* But this is not our business, here is a young Gentleman at the door call'd Mr. *Timothy Squeeze*, that comes to wait on you.

*Theodore.* Hang him Rascal, keep him to your selves, he's fitter for your purpose; have you fleec'd him soundly?

*Haz.* Very sufficiently I assure you, but he is come upon a pleasant occasion; he says, he has done you and your Family such an injury.

*Theodore.* Pox on him, I will forgive him any but the trouble of his company.

*Rant.* Thou shalt see him, and when he tells thee his condition, thou wilt find we have reveng'd thee to the full; I'll fetch him in. *[Ex. Rant.]*

*Theodore.* How have you us'd the Rogue? You have won all his money.

*Haz.* That's not all, but I'll not forestall you, you shall be surpris'd into your pleasure; he begg'd of us to make him friends with you, for fear you should kill him, he fears not your Father.

*[Enter Rant and Timothy.]*

*Tim.* Are you sure he will do me no hurt?

*Rant.* I am, speak to him.



*Tim.* Sir, your Servant.

*Theodore.* Sir, Yours.

*Tim.* I beg your pardon from the bottom of my heart, for an injury I have done you, and your Family.

*Theodore.* What's that?

*Tim.* Pray Sir, be not in passion, and I'll tell you; You know Sir I should have been your Brother-in-Law Sir; and last night it seems I was overtaken in Campaigne, and as these Gentlemen tell me (for I vow I remember not a word on't) I married one Mrs. *Joyce*, Mr. *Hazard's* Cousin Sir: But your Sister sent me word she would have me kick'd out of the house, Sir, last night, or I should not have done it on my conscience Sir; I find I did it in passion really.

*Theodore.* Oh brave Bullies, now you have Revenged me sufficiently.

*Tim.* Now Sir, I hope in God you will please to forgive me since I married in drink; and I vow to God Sir, as I am an honest man, I meant no more hurt in't Sir, than I do at this present; for I wak'd this morning Sir, and found my self in Bed with the said Mrs. *Joyce*, de' understand me, (and I vow she's a pure Bed-fellow, that's the truth on't) but at first I was frighted, and wondred what a dickens was the matter, when these Gentlemen came up with a Cawdle to me, and fac'd me down I was married Sir, and at last shew'd me the Ring, the License, and the Parson's Certificate Sir.

*Theodore.* No more Sir, I forgive you freely Sir.

*Tim.* Sir, I am beholding to you; but if there be an offence, you must blame those Gentlemen; for I protest and vow I intended to marry Mrs. *Thea*, or would I might ne're stir out of this place alive. But I tell you in private, if I had not married the aforefaid Mrs. *Joyce*, I believe they would have forc'd me to it; for my part Sir, I don't like 'em; for between you and I, they won above forty Pound on me. But to give the Devil his due, the Gentlewoman is a pretty Gentlewoman, and they say has a good Portion.

*Theodore to Hazard and Rant.* This Relation pleases me, but pray take away your Fool, for I have business of great concernment.

*Rant.* This was all we had to say to you. Fare you well!

*Haz.* *Tim*, come along, dear soul.

*Tim.* Ay, come Cousin; [*To Theodore.*] Sir, your Servant to command.

[*Exeunt all but Theodore.*]

[*Enter Robin.*]

*Robin.* Sir, I have a Present for you, but let us be gone Sir, and take it in another place; pray follow me, I am weary with carrying it.

*Theodore.* What means the Fellow?

*Robin.* Here is a Chest of money of your Father's that was hid in the Garden.

*Theodore.* Of my Father's! how camest thou by it?

*Robin.* Not very honestly Sir, but this is no place to ask questions in, now I am reveng'd on him for calling me Thief; follow me Sir.

*Theodore.* This is a lucky supply.

[*Exeunt Robin and Theodore.*]

*Enter*

*Enter at another door William, Cheatly, and Bridget,  
with a Page.*

*Cheatly.* Is Madam Theodora within?

*Will.* She is gone out with Mr. Bellamour.

*Cheatly.* Is not your Master within?

*Will.* We expect him every minute Madam. [Ex. Will.]

*Cheatly.* Now Mrs. Bridget, can you represent a Stately Countess?

*Bridget.* Never fear me; Page, hold up my Train Sirrah, I can bear my head as high as any Lady in Christendom.

*Cheatly.* Remember when any body Salutes you, to turn your Cheek to him, as great Ladies use; that's very convenient too, for concealing a tainted breath.

*Bridget.* Mine is not so, but I'll not forget it.

*Cheatly.* But thou hast so used to offer thy mouth, that thou wilt forget it.

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Gold.* Oh Sir, your Servant, the Countess of Puddle-Dock is come to see Mrs. Theodora.

*Gold.* [Aside.] Countess of Puddle-Dock! I never heard of that Title, it may be 'tis some Scotch or Irish Title.

*To Bridget.* Madam, I kiss your Honour's hand: Where is my Daughter that she comes not to wait on her Honour?

*Cheatly.* Not within. This is the Countess I spoke of. [Softly.]

*Gold.* Let me see; if this be a Countess, and has such a Fortune, no more then of Isabella; but I must into the Garden to my dear Gold. Madam, I'll wait on your Honour presently. [Ex. Goldingham.]

*Cheatly.* Is not this an amiable old Gentleman?

*Bridget.* As bad as he is, I am not so nice, but I could make shift with him.

*Golding. within.* Murder, murder, Oh Thieves, Thieves!

*Cheat.* What's the meaning of this, is the man mad?

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Gold.* Thieves, thieves, Murder, murder, Death, Devils, Damnation, Hell and Furies, Thieves, thieves, I am undone, undone, they have cut my Throat, they have murder'd me, they have stole my Money! Where is it? What's become on't? Where are the Thieves? Where have they hid themselves? Whither shall I go to find 'em? What shall I do? Shall I run? Shall I stay? Are they here? Are they there? Where are they?

*Cheat.* What is it transports you thus?

*Gold.* Oh, are you here, give me my Money; [He tugs and hauls Cheatly.] Where's my Gold? confess, or I'll rack you. Where is my dear Gold, my poor Gold? Give it me, conceal it no longer.

*Cheat.* Help, help, will you murder me?

*Bridget.* Are you Mad? 'tis Mrs. Cheatly.

*Gold.* Another! is there more of your number? I'll hang ye all, where is my Money, money, money?

*James.* What's the matter, Sir?

[Enter

[Enter James, Roger, Will.]

Cheat. Come Countess, 'tis time to shift for our selves.

Goldingham falls on 'em with his Cain.] Oh you thieves, my Gold, my Gold, give me my Gold; I'll hang ye, I'll drown ye, I'll murder ye all; Oh my Gold, must I lose thee?

James. He raves, help to hold him. [He breaks from them, they run away.]

Gold. I have lost my money, my life, my blood, my entrails, my heart, my vitals, I dye, I am dead, I am buried; will no body save my life, and help me to it? Oh, I am mad; what say you, will you? Hum; alas, I am mad, there's no body: Oh my money, my soul, Justice, Justice, I will hang all the Town; if *Isabella* has a hand in't, I will hang her; I will beg the help of Constables, Beadles, Church-wardens, Baylies, Sergeants, Justices, Aldermen, Judge, Gibbet, Gallows, and Hangmen: I will hang my son and daughter if they be guilty: And if I find not my money, I will hang my self.

James. My Master, Sir, is mad, be pleased to command him in His Majesties name to keep his worships wits.

Gold. Oh neighbour Justice, you are come in season, I am robb'd, undone, make me a Mittimus.

Justice. For whom neighbour Goldingham?

Gold. For all Covent-Garden, I will hang every body, oh my Gold!

Justice. You'll spoil all, if you be thus outrageous; we must examine such things privately, or you will never have notice of your money.

Gold. Oh my money, I cannot contain my self, but if you will assist me, I'll endeavour.

James. Ha, is my Master robb'd? Now I may be fully revenged of our *dominus factorum* for my beating, and other things.

[To Goldingham.] I am mistaken, or I can give you some light into this business.

Goldingham. Speak what you can say, if you do not discover it, I will hang you.

James. I do certainly believe that Mr. Bellamour has it.

Gold. What, he that appear'd so true and faithful to me?

James. The same Sir, I believe 'tis he that has robb'd you.

Gold. Pray Sir make his Mittimus, I'll hang him if there were no more of the race of all mankind.

Justice. But why do you believe it Sir?

James. Why do I believe it Sir?

Just. Yes.

James. Why, why, why, because I do believe it.

Just. But I must have some proofs.

Gold. Did you see him dig where my money was hidden?

James. Oh yes Sir, why should I say so else? Where did you lay your money?

Gold. In the Garden.

James. Ay, there I saw him digging: What was your money in?

Gold. In a Chest.

James.



*James.* Why there's the business now, I saw him have a Chest, and the very same Chest you mean.

*Justice.* What manner of Chest is it?

*James.* What manner of one: 'Sdeath I shall be snapp'd!

[*Aside.*]

*Justice.* How is it made?

*James.* Why 'tis made — 'tis made very like a kind of a Chest: extraordinary like a Chest.

*Justice.* But how?

*James.* Why 'tis a great Chest.

*Gold.* Mine is a little one. Oh my Gold!

*James.* Ay so was this in it self, but for what it contained it was a great one, and was so heavy, that I am sure it made him puff and blow to carry it.

*Gold.* It must be the same, mine is very heavy.

*Justice.* Hold a little, pray what Colour is it of?

*James.* Of what Colour?

*Justice.* Yes.

*James.* Why it is of a Colour, a certain Colour, I know not what a deus they call it, but really it is a very pretty Colour for a Chest, that's the truth on't.

*James.* Was it not a red?

*Gold.* No, no, mine's a green one.

*James.* Lord, you are so hasty, a reddish green I was going to say.

*Gold.* The same Sir; pray make his mittimus, and let him be hang'd.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*James.* Here he comes, let him not discover this of me; perhaps he'll confess it.

*Gold.* Come you Villain, come near and confess your wickedness, your abominable action.

*Bell.* What do you mean Sir?

*Gold.* Oh horrid traytor, do you not blush?

*Bell.* Has he heard any thing of his daughter and me; for what should I blush Sir?

*Gold.* Oh impudence, as if he knew not what I meant; but all your villany is discovered: Oh wretch, to come into my House to betray me, and abuse my goodness with so infamous an action!

*Bell.* Sir, since you have discover'd me, I'll make no more excuses. [*Aside.*]

*James.* That I should guess so right when I swear at a venture: I told you, Sir, he'd confess. [*To the Justice.*]

*Justice.* He has confess'd in part, but we must have more yet.

*Bell.* It was my design to tell you of this, but I stay'd for a happier opportunity, and I beseech you be not angry till I give my reasons.

*Gold.* Oh abominable insolence, he would be giving me reasons for his infamous theft, like an impudent Thief.

*Bell.* These Titles are none of mine, and you'll find, if you examine it, that my Crime is pardonable.

*Gold.*

*Gold.* Oh devil, pardonable, to take away my soul, my life, my blood!

*Bell.* I am in a condition to do your blood no wrong, and to make full reparation for this pretended injury.

*Gold.* Oh you overjoy me! will you make restitution?

*Bell.* Your honour shall be fully satisfied.

*Gold.* Pox on my honour, I don't talk of my honour. But what could incite you to such action?

*Bell.* Love.

*Golding.* A pox on your Love, admirable Love indeed, love of my broad pieces.

*Bell.* No Sir, it is not your Gold that I care for, let me but enjoy what I have already, and I care for nothing in the world beside.

*Gold.* Oh intollerable insolence! he justifies his theft, and would keep what he has stolen. He distracts me; Sir, you shall be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, before you shall keep the least part of it.

*Just.* No Sir, you must not keep what you have got, by your favour.

*Bell.* With your favour Sir, but I must; we have mutually engaged our faiths, and are now married, and nothing but death shall part us.

*Golding.* Engaged his Faith, and married to my Chest! [*Aside.*]  
'Tis enough, make his Mittimus, that he may be hang'd, and so be divorced from it.

*Just.* Here is some mystery: Where is this Treasure you have taken?

*Bell.* Here in the House.

*Just.* Have you not broke it up?

*Bell.* Broke her up! better words Sir, or I shall forget my respect to you; I assure you she's too honest.

*Gold.* How, my Chest of Money too honest.

[*Aside.*]

*Bell.* Her fair eyes have inspir'd in me a more refined passion.

*Gold.* The fair eyes of my Chest.

[*Aside.*]

*Bell.* I see Sir 'tis in vain to conceal the truth any longer. 'Tis not a quarter of an hour since your Daughter and I were married in *Covent-Garden*; and without a Portion.

*Gold.* Oh devil, is that affront added to my loss?

*Bell.* Without portion, consider that Sir.

*Gold.* Make his Mittimus, you shall be hang'd you Villain, send him to the Gatehouse quickly.

*Bell.* How, be hang'd! I assure you, though I stole your Daughter, 'twas with her own consent.

*Just.* But you have confess'd a more capital theft; or if you had not, 'tis sworn against you, and I must send you to the *Gaol*.

[*Enter Theodora.*]

*Theodora.* Oh Heaven! what do I hear? Sir, if ever you had any affection for me, hear me now; this Gentleman is a Man of Quality and Fortune.

*Gold.* A curse on him, he has rais'd his Fortune on my Ruines, and for his Quality 'twill bring him to the Gallows.

*Theodora.* For Heaven's sake Sir use no extremity on him, I consented to all he did ; if there be a fault committed against you, I am equally guilty, and will suffer with him.

*Gold.* Heaven ! my own Daughter guilty of such an action, she shall be hang'd, send her to the Gaol immediately ; no less than Six thousand Broad Pieces at a time.

*Theodora.* Sir, I understand you not.

*Gold.* Oh cunning Baggage ! look you Mr. *Justice*, she understands me not ; I'll have her hang'd, my own Daughter Rob me.

*Theodora.* Rob you ! I am amaz'd.

*Bell.* Sure Sir, you are not *compos mentis*.

*Justice.* I am sorry to find ye guilty of so great a Felony, I must send ye both to the Gaol without Bail or Mainprize.

[Enter Theodore.]

*Theodore.* Brother, I heard you were in this condition, and came to rescue you.

*Gold.* Oh Villain ! are you come to heighten my affliction with the sight of you ?

*Theodore.* Sir, I come about a little business that concerns you.

*Gold.* Business with me ? you insolent Rebel, what can that be.

*Theodore.* Sir, the Money is right.

*Gold.* What Money you impertinent Ass ?

*Theodore.* The Broad Pieces that were in the Garden, they are just Six thousand ; and I'll give you an Acquittance under my Hand for them.

*Gold.* O Devil, had you them ?

*Theodore.* They were received by my order, to my own proper use and behoof ; I say Received per me *Theodore*.

*Goldingham*

*strikes at* } O Barbarous insolence, I will cut your Throat.

*Theodore.*

*Justice.* Nay, good Neighbour keep the Peace.

*Gold.* I cannot keep the Peace, I will not keep the Peace, let the Peace keep its self ; 'tis impossible to keep the Peace.

*Justice.* By your leave Sir, you must keep the Peace, and not be Judge in your own case.

*Gold.* Send him to Gaol then presently.

*Justice.* Be patient, and I will.

*Theodore.* Why would you have the Conscience to hang your Son ?

*Gold.* Give me my Gold, and I'll spare your life.

*Theodore.* No Sir, your Gold is in sure hands, 'tis held in Mortmain.

*Gold.* Then I will hang you Rogue, make his *Mittimus*.

*Theodore.* You may please to remember, that there is a *Colledge* Lease of Four hundred Pounds a year, that you hold only by my life ; you will lose that (if you hang me) besides your Broad Pieces, of which you shall never have one by Heaven.



*Gold.* Nay then, I cannot be in a worse condition than I am ; make haste Sir with his *Mitimus*.

*Justice.* 'Tis a making.

*Theodore.* Hold Sir; you must not make it, I did not Steal the Gold ; I did but Seize upon't for the King's use.

*Gold.* By Heaven, I owe the King not a Farthing, I paid the last Assessment, it went to my Heart I am sure ; and yet, to say the truth, the Assessors have stretch'd their Consciences against the King all over *England*, God blest them : Have you the impudence to say I owe the King Money ?

*Theodore.* Assist me Brother.

[*To Bellamour.*]

[*To Gold.*] Do you think Sir the King will let you commit [*Softly.*] Treason for nothing ?

*Gold.* Treason.

*Theodore.* There are Arms and Ammunition in the Vault Sir, if you be pleas'd to remember.

*Bell.* Have a care what you do Sir, Treason will fall heavy upon a rich Man ; you will be an excellent Morfel for a Courtier.

*Gold.* Have ye the impudence to speak of a Plot ye drew me into, ye brace of Traitors and Villains ?

*Theodore.* Sir I know nothing of a Plot, not I, but my Brother and I can swear we saw Arms and Ammunition put in a Vault ; and we know from whom they were Receiv'd, and the Consideration too. We shall find friends Sir.

*Bell.* Sir Release the Gold, and make no more ado ; if it should be found out that we know of the Plot, we should be pardon'd, for bringing in so Rich and Capital and Offender ; but you would find no more mercy, than ever you shew'd to one that forfeited a Morgage.

*Gold.* A curse on these Villains, I am caught in my own snare ; they are in the right, I shall be sure to be Hang'd, but if I were sure they were to be Hang'd with me, it were no matter : But Son, are you in earnest ? Will you not give me some of my Gold again ?

*Theodore.* Not one Piece by Heaven, and pray Sir believe I deal fairly with you, that I ask no more ; you know, I have not had a Shilling of you these dozen years, 'tis time now to gather my Arrears.

*Gold.* What will become of me ? I must either lose my Money or my Life, I know not which is best ; I think I must go hang my self, for fear of being hang'd.

*Justice.* What shall I send him to Gaol ?

*Gold.* No, let it alone, I must forgive the Rogue for this time.

*Theodore.* And do you release me of the Money, before all these Witnesses ?

*Gold.* Yes, yes, but you cursed Villain I will be reveng'd on you, I'll Marry *Isabella*, get Children, and disinherit you of all the rest of my Estate.

*Theodore.* Now since you have Releas'd me, look in your Chests in the Vault, and you will find nothing but Lumber.

*Gold.* And was it no Plot you drew me into ?

*Theodore.* No by Heaven, I but pretended it, and your hard usage forced me to it.

*Gold.* Oh unheard of villain, I will go Marry *Isabella* instantly, and I hope you will hang your self.

*Theodore.* Stay Sir, I have one thing more to ask of you. This Lady and I are Married; and beg your Pardon, and your Blessing.

[Enter *Isabella*.]

*Isabella.* Sir I beg your Blessing and your Pardon: Heaven would have it thus, and I could not help it.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath and Hell! Married! you two Married!

*Theodore.* 'Tis now too late to perplex your self.

*Gold.* Oh Treacherous Wretches! Oh this Engine of the Devil, *Cheastly* with her damn'd Countess of *Puddle Dock*.

*Theodore.* Will you give us your Blessing Sir? we kneel for it. [They kneel.]

*Gold.* Yes, I will give you my Blessing.

*Isabella.* I shall receive it joyfully.

*Gold.* May all the Curses e're attended Marriage fall on you.

*Isabella.* Oh impious wish.

*Theodore.* We are obliged to you Sir.

*Gold.* May invincible impotence possess you, raging Lust her, and tormenting Jealousie both of ye.

*Justice.* For shame Neighbour be not so wicked.

*Gold.* May the perpetual spirit of Contention wait on ye, may ye never in your lives agree in one thing; may the name of quiet ne're be heard betwixt ye; and to compleat all, may ye never be assunder: and so farewell. [Ex. *Gold*.]

*Justice.* Ple after him, and try if I can mollifie him.

*Theodora.* Dear Sister, I am infinitely happy in my Relation to you.

*Bellamour* [To himself.] It must be so. Oh Heaven! it is my Sister (though I have not seen her these nine years) yet she has so much of her former Countenance remaining, that I am sure 'tis she.

*Theodore.* Dear *Isabella*, here is a worthy Gentleman you must call Brother.

*Bell.* I have a nearer Title to her than what you can give me, she's my own Sister *Isabella*.

*Theodore.* This is wonderful.

*Isabella.* Indeed I had an Elder Brother beyond Sea, but we (having not seen him in nine years, nor heard from him these fifteen Months) concluded him dead.

*Bell.* (To his great grief) my younger Brother will find it otherwise.

*Isabella.* But is it possible! are you my Brother? indeed you have some resemblance of my Father, when he was living.

*Bell.* If you be Sir *William Raines* his Daughter of the North (as I am sure you are) I am your Brother; but thou wert too young when I left England, to have any impressions left of me now.

*Isabella.* My dear Brother, I am convinced, this is a happy hour, this will revive my dear Mother, who has kept her Chamber ever since my Fathers death.

*Theodore.* My dear Brother, now you are doubly so, but friendship yet shall be the stricter tie.

*Theodora.* This is a wonderful and happy union of our Families.

*Bell.* To shew you more clearly I am your Brother, (though my Father died without a Will) I know it was his intention to give you Five thousand Pounds, which upon my honour you shall have.

*Theodore.* This is generosity in the highest point; but I was rich in the possession of my *Isabella*, beyond the thoughts of Dowry; but if I live to have my Father's Estate, faith I'll be even with you.

*Isabella.* This noble offer confirms me, you are my Brother; but why did you so long conceal your self?

*Bell.* That my dear *Theodora* can best tell you. But let us haste to see my afflicted Mother.

[Enter Constable and Watch, with Squeeze.]

*Constable.* They say the Justices Worship is here Gentlemen.

*Theodore.* The Constable with Squeeze! pray let's stay a moment after our Comedy, that ends so pleasantly, in hopes to see a Farse.

*Squeeze.* Heaven! what confusion am I in, and besides my Bones are all loose with the fall last night.

*Theodore.* What's the matter Mr. Constable?

*Constable.* Why Sir, this old Gentleman (not having the fear of God before his Eyes) by the malice and instigation of the Devil, did yesternight *vi & armis*, contrary to the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity, commit carnal copulation with one Mrs. *Lettice*.

*Bell.* The Style of an Indictment.

*Theodore.* How now Mr. Squeeze, is the snare fallen upon you? can you help a Man to Three or four hundred Pound at fifty in the hundred, with good security?

*Squeeze.* You are very merry Sir, 'tis well if you have cause. Oh! Mrs. *Cheatly* what shall I do? my reputation is ruin'd, I am undone for ever.

[Enter Mrs. Cheatly.]

*Cheatly.* Oh Sir, there is more affliction for you yet, your Son lost Fifty Pound last night, and Married a Wench, one Mrs. *Joyce*, that was kept by Alderman *Do-Little*.

*Squeeze.* Oh Heaven! all my misfortunes come together; this added to the other, will distract me.

*Theodore.* This is for your damn'd Brokeage and Use.

*Cheatly.* Could you not have brib'd the Constable?

*Squeeze.* He durst not let me go for fear of the *Bullies*? what shall I do; what shall I do?

*Cheatly.* I would be loath to put you to inconvenience, but if you would own my Daughter for your Wife, it would soon preserve or at least repair your credit.

*Squeeze.*



*Squeeze.* She says true.

[*Aside.*]

*Cheatly.* And if you would really make her your Wife, you would be fully reveng'd on your Son for his rash Marriage.

*Squeeze.* Ha, that's true again directly.

[*Aside.*]

*Cheatly.* If you do it not, the poor Girl will be ruin'd for ever in her reputation ; which you know is her support at present.

*Squeeze.* She is in the right, there is no way to save my reputation but this ; if my disgrace should be published, no Godly Citizen will trust me ; old Men in this Town had as good Marry their Wenches, for they stand 'em in more Money, and they keep 'em as long as if they were their Wives.

[*Enter Hazard and Lettice.*]

*Hazard.* Mr. *Squeeze*, here's your Lady, pray restore her Red Stocking, and take your own Black one ; Oh *Theodore*, thou art gone the way of all Flesh, I hear thou't Married.

*Theodore.* I am Sir, for all your instructions to the contrary.

*Hazard.* Then thou art a lost Man ; yet faith 'tis as pretty a Girl for a fortnight's use, or so, as a Man could wish.

*Bell.* I find this *Bully* has the common place wit of all the young Fops in this Town ; in Railing against Marriage.

*Hazard.* Now art thou, *Theodore*, for a year, condemn'd to eat and drink, go to Plays, to Church, and lie with thy own Wife most unreasonable ; But 'tis but having a little patience, and we shall have you amongst us again, as honest a Sinner as the best of us.

[*Enter Rant, Timothy, and Joyce.*]

*Tim.* O Lord, here's my Father, I am so afraid of him.

*Rant.* Bear up to him, you say you have Two hundred Pound a year left by an Aunt, which he can't touch.

*Tim.* Ay, I have so.

*Rant.* Stand up and own your Wife to him ; then besides 'twill vex the heart of *Theodora* to see how you have bob'd her.

*Tim.* Ay, I think so, (do you understand me ?) I hope 'twill break her heart, de' see ?

*Rant.* Sir, here's your Son and his Lady, come to ask your Blessing.

*Squeeze.* Oh you infinite Rascal !

*Tim.* Rascal Sir, I am the Son of a Scrivener, and they say I take mightily like my Father too.

*Squeeze.* Oh Villain ! Marry a Whore, out of my sight.

*Tim.* A Whore Sir, I vow to God I scorn your words, do you mark me, she's as Pretty a civil young Lady, and I am sure I had her Maiden-Head, had I not my dear ?

*Joyce.* Yes indeed my dear, the best I had for you.

[*Aside.*]

*Squeeze.* Oh infamous Villain ! Marry a Strumpet ?

*Joyce.*

*Joyce.* Sir, I'de have you kick'd if you were not my Father-in-Law.

*Hazard.* Dare to speak one ill word more of my Cousin, and I'll cut your Throat, old Sot.

*Squeeze.* I am horrible afraid of this Hector; but I will be Reveng'd of the Rogue my Son.

*Joyce.* Now Madam *Lettice*, I hope you'll own me to be equal at least with your Ladiship, Mr. *Tim*. has made me an honest Woman; that's more than you are.

*Rant.* Farewel *Theodore*, thou art no more a Man of this World; Marriage alters some Men, and makes them forget their Friends, as much as Perfidy does.

*Hazard.* But I hope he has more grace.

*Theodore.* No more of your senseless Railing against Marriage, 'tis dull and common.

[Enter *Justice*.]

*Justice.* There is no mollifying of your Father, he's run out in a rage; he has shut himself in his Closet, and will not be spoke to; *Constable* what makes you here?

*Constable.* Sir we have brought an old Gentleman here before you, upon suspicion of Fornication, an please your Worship.

*Justice.* Whom, Mr. *Squeeze*! can a Man of your years be guilty of Fornication?

*Constable.* Sir, we took him leaping out of a Window half undress'd, and for haste he had put on a Red Silk-stocking of the Gentlewomans from whom he rose.

*Justice.* Is this true?

*Squeeze.* 'Tis true, I was in bed with this Gentlewoman, but she's my Wife; and I hope that's no offence.

*Justice.* Your Wife.

*Squeeze.* Yes, and before all this Company I avow her to be so.

*Tim.* O fie for shame Sir, Marry a Strumpet.

*Squeeze.* Peace you insolent Rascal.

*Theodore.* *Lettice*, I wish thee joy of thy old Rascal.

*Lettice.* I thank you Mr. *Theodore*. Now Mrs. *Joyce* I hope you think not yourself my equal: Down on your Knees Huswife and ask me Blessing.

*Joyce.* I scorn your words, I shall never endure to call you Mother-in-Law while I live.

*Cheatly.* Madam *Isabella*, I wish you much joy with this Gentleman, and he is young enough, and handsome enough to give you good store on't.

*Theodore.* Mrs. *Cheatly*, to shew my gratitude to you, I have a Hundred Pieces ready for you; and *Robin*, you I will make my particular care.

*Robin.* Sir, to shew that I have taken some care of you, I have provided Fiddles for you.

*Theodore.* Let 'em enter, we'll borrow my Father's House for a Dance; for perhaps we shall never come in it again.

[Enter

[Enter Fiddles.]

*Robin.* What say you *Mrs. Cheatly*, shall you and I Marry, or continue to love on as we did?

*Cheatly.* I am very indifferent *Robin*, take thy own choice.

*Robin.* Why then as you were.

*Cheatly.* Content.

*Bell.* Strike up.

[They Dance.]

*Theodore.* Now we have done, I must confess I have transgress'd in my duty to my Father, which I could not help; unless I would have neglected a greater, which I ought to your Beauty my dear *Isabella*, and my Love; and I hope

*My Passion will a just Excuse be thought:*  
*What is urg'd on by Love, can be no Fault.*

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# EPILOGUE.

**W**hen Sieges now by Poets are prepar'd,  
 And Love and War 'gainst Nations is declar'd;  
 When *Affrica* and *Asia* are not spar'd,  
 By some who in Rhime will all the World o'erun,  
 Who in their Conquests will no Country shun,  
 Not scaping the *Mogul*, nor *Prefter John*,  
 No *American* Prince is in his Throne secure,  
 Not *Totty Potty May* himself is sure:  
 But may the fury of their Rhime endure,  
 Nay in time each Prince in *Guinny* will be fought,  
 And under these Poetick Fetters brought;  
 And we shall see how the black Rogues lov'd and fought.  
 When such great things are for the Stage design'd,  
 We fear this trifle will no favour find.  
 But as a fop that's dress'd in Masquerade,  
 Will any place with impudence invade,  
 And little rambling Punks nare be so rude,  
 Among the best of Ladies to intrude:  
 So Poets sure, though ill, may be allow'd  
 Among the best in Masquerade to crowd.  
 Our Poet who wrote this *Incognito*,  
 Does boldly claim this privilege as his due;  
 He presses in, and will not be kept out,  
 Though he deserves to stand amongst the Rout,  
 Those fifteen hundred Poets who have writ,  
 And never could have one Play acted yet.  
 But now he's in, pray use him civilly,  
 Let him, what e're he says, unquestion'd be,  
 According to the Laws of Masquerade,  
 Those sacred Laws by dancing Nations made,  
 Which the young Gallants sure will ne're invade.  
 If ye resolve that ye'l be angry now,  
 Ye vent your spleen upon an unknown Foe;  
 Or if he be not, yet ye'l make him so:  
 But if a kindness to him ye intend,  
 And though 't deserves it not, the Play commend:  
 Each Man for ought he knows is kind to's friend.

F I N I S.

